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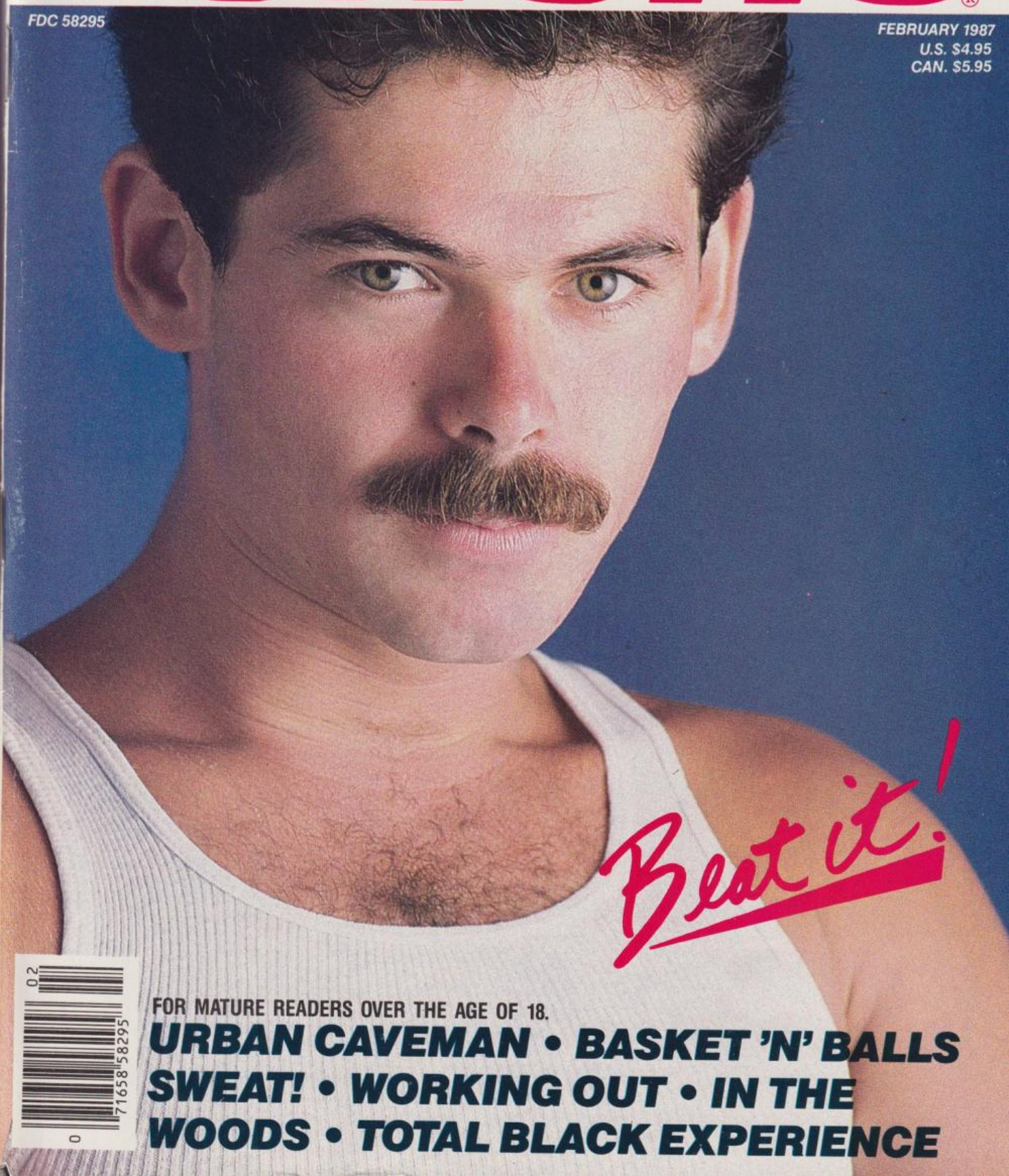

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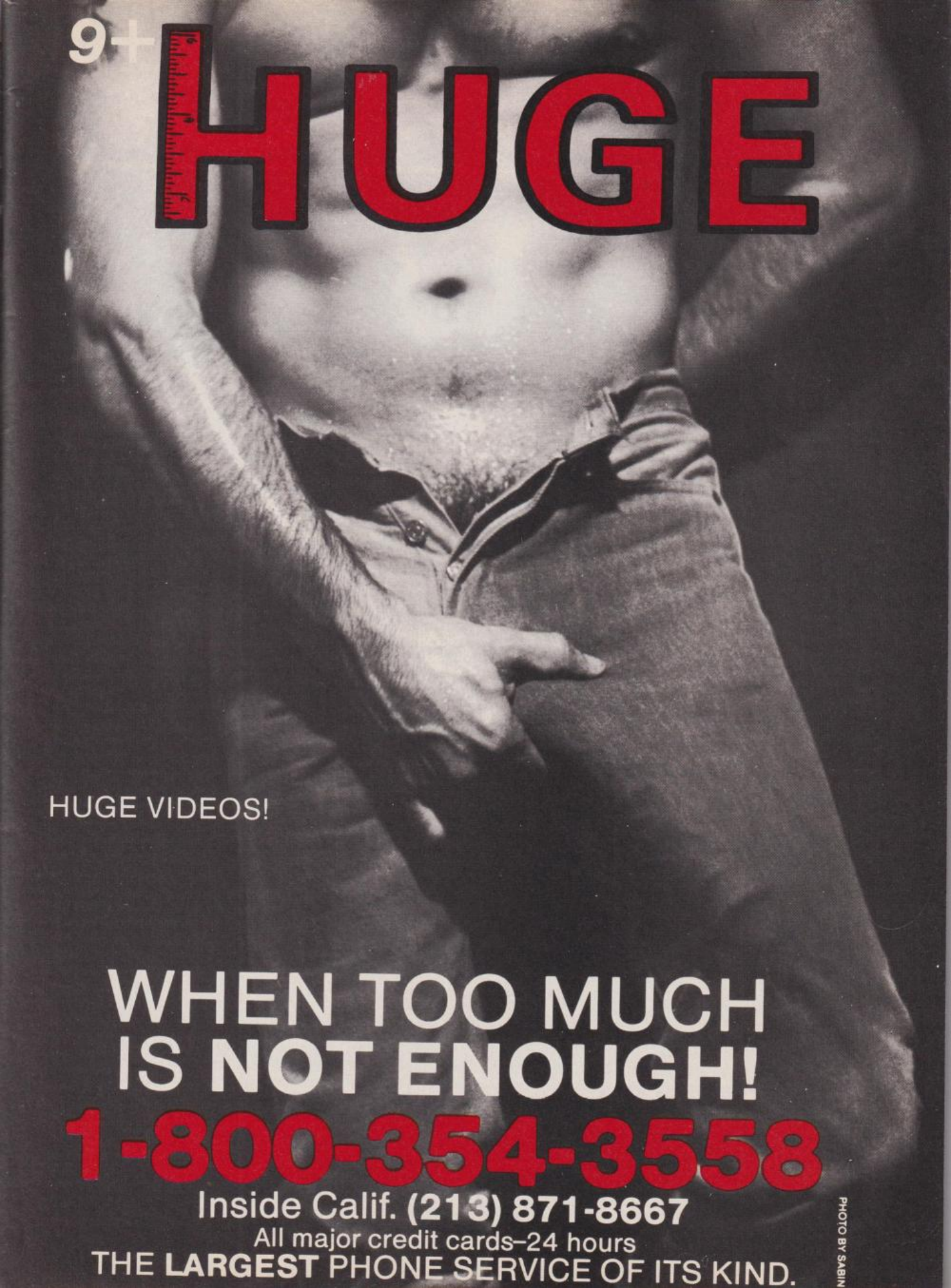
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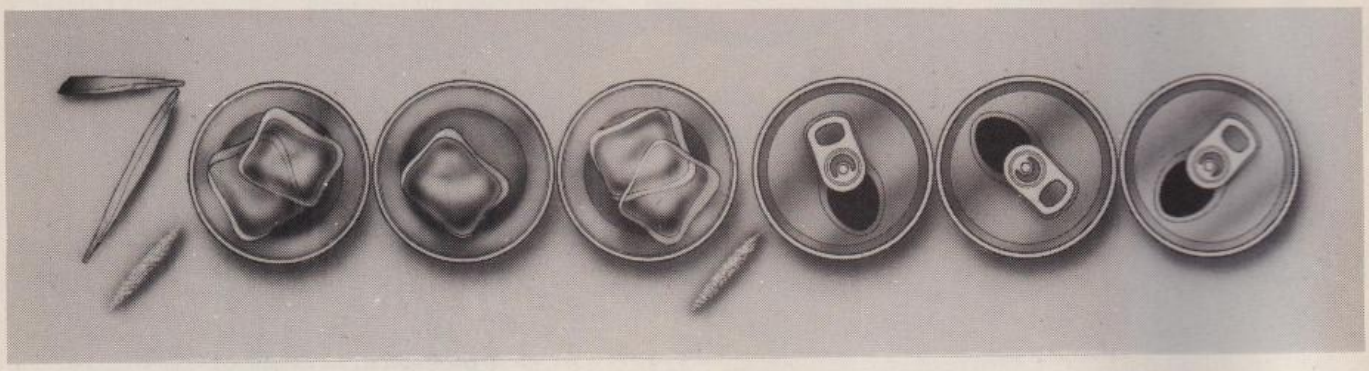

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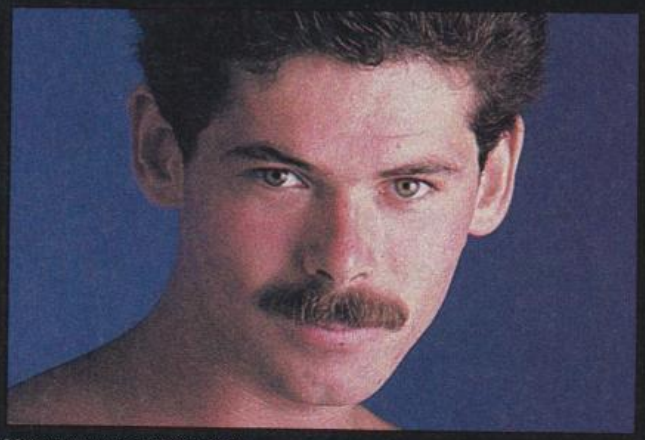

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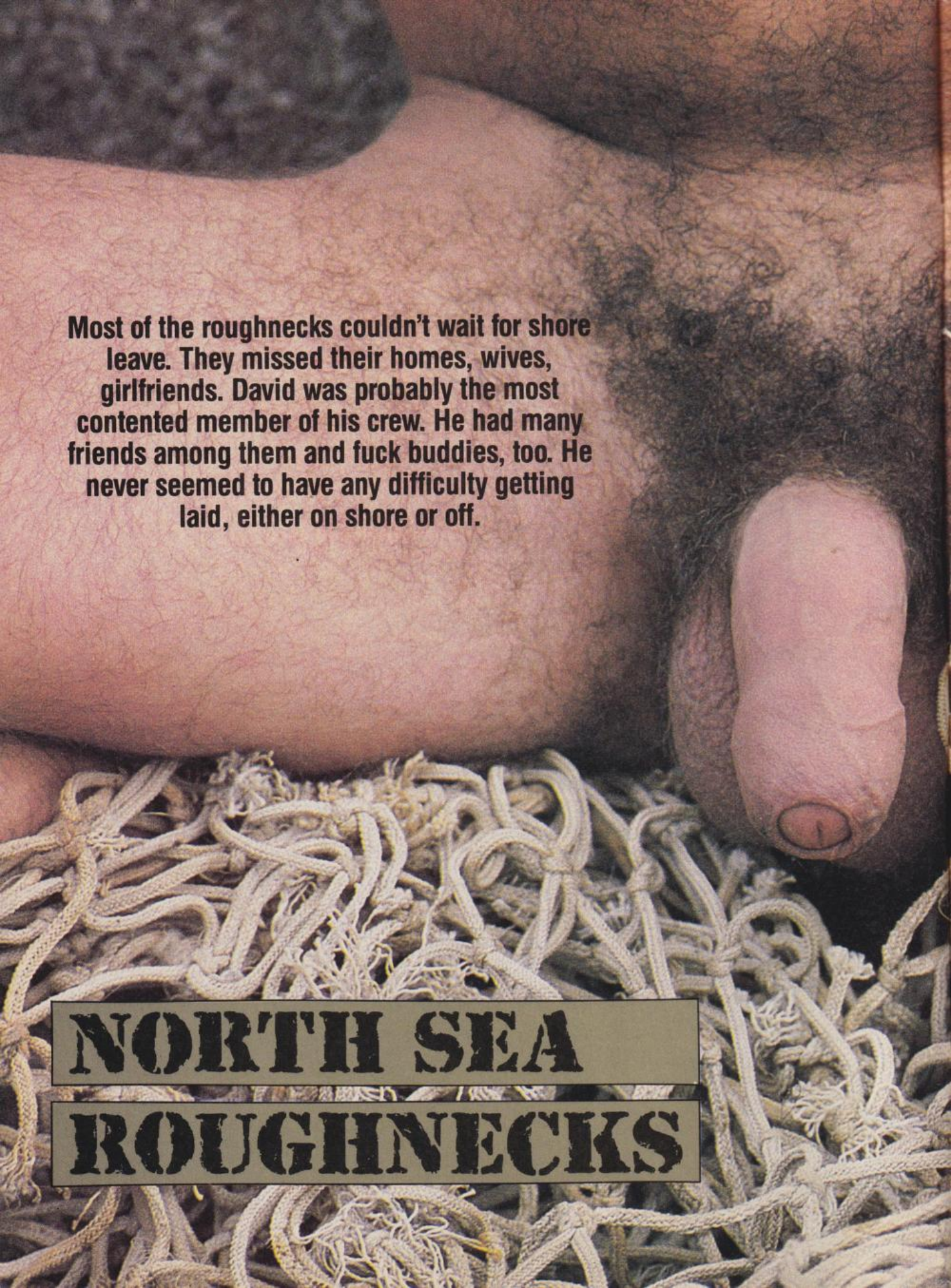

Most of the roughnecks couldn't wait for shore leave. They missed their homes, wives, girlfriends. David was probably the most contented member of his crew. He had many friends among them and fuck buddies, too. He never seemed to have any difficulty getting laid, either on shore or off.

NORTH SEA ROUGHNECKS

BY ROLAND GRAEME • PHOTOGRAPHS BY B BOYS PHOTOS

David Baker grinned as he glanced around at the hordes of men in Aberdeen's Dyce Airport. All of them seemed to fit into one of two categories. There were the uniformly gray-suited, briefcase-clutching international businessmen—British, American, Dutch, Norwegian, French, German, Japanese. There were the tough young men wearing quilted jackets and toting well-stuffed duffel bags with oil-company stickers on the sides. These roughnecks and roustabouts—the category to which David belonged—were waiting to be helicoptered back to various offshore oil rigs scattered about the North Sea, now that their shore leave was over.

David checked his wristwatch, took a sip of strong black coffee from a paper cup, and settled back in his seat in the airport's lounge to observe his fellow passengers. A Yorkshireman in his mid-twenties, David didn't mind living and working in an oil installation perched precariously in the middle of the stormy sea with only other men for company. It was different for most of the others. The cold, the exhaustion, the rough weather, the loneliness, and the ever-present sense of potential danger really got to them sometimes. They missed their homes, wives, children, girlfriends. David

was gay, however, and he was probably the most contented member of his crew. He had many friends among them, and many fuck buddies as well. He never seemed to have any difficulty getting laid, either on shore or off.

He studied the guys who would be taking the same helicopter flight he was booked on. One man in particular excited him: a tall, massively-built, blue-eyed blond in his early thirties, with a ruddy complexion. His shirt sleeves were rolled up to the elbows, exposing thick, tattooed forearms, and the shirt was unbuttoned almost to his belly—less from vanity, David suspected, than from the meaty hunk's inability to find an off-the-rack shirt that properly fit his barrel chest.

But what really excited David's interest in the guy was that, right there in the airport lounge, he was openly reading a skin magazine, and an obviously male-oriented skin magazine at that! David tried not to stare at the cover in the blond's big, sunburned hands, but it wasn't easy. The title was *Hard Up, Hot, and Handsome,* and the full-page, full-color photo showed an exceptionally macho-looking stud in tight jeans—with the top button open—no shirt, and a sexy leer, fondling his stiff nipple with one hand and the lump in his pants with the other.

When their flight was announced, the blond glanced up. His eyes met David's, locked for a long moment, and he smiled, rather shyly but with a warmth that assured David he liked what he saw. Then he stuffed his magazine into his duffel bag and joined the mob of husky young men fighting to be the first to board the chopper.

David would have given his left nut for the privilege of sitting next to the provocative blond during the flight, but some other bastard got there first. He found himself seated next to one of the gray-suited businessmen, a representative of an American oil company who talked incessantly and obnoxiously all during the trip. David ignored him as best he could, smiling politely now and then, while his ever-active imagination tried to visualize the blond hunk in the nude, with a hard-on, in bed with him. Did the guy have a lover? Was he gay, bisexual, or just a straight guy who was curious and liked to look at gay porn? Despite his unpleasant seatmate, David managed to lull himself into an erotic stupor by the time the helicopter landed on the deck of the huge floating oil rig.

David had worked on board this particular installation before, so he had no trouble finding the cabin he'd been assigned below deck. The cabins were designed to get the maximum possible use out of the minimal space. There were two bunks, each with curtains for privacy, two padlocked clothes cupboards, some shelves, a door leading to the combination shower and lavatory—which was shared with the occupants of the adjacent cabin—and that was about it. Knowing that he'd have to get up early in the morning and put in a grueling 12-hour shift, David unpacked quickly and decided that he'd go to bed shortly after dinner was served in the mess.

He couldn't believe his good fortune when there was a light knock on the cabin door and none other than the hot blond stud stuck his head inside. "I guess we're going to be bunkmates," he said softly, with a sexy Scots burr. He dumped his duffel bag on the floor and unpacked with the efficient air of a man who, like David, knew his way around the place. "I'm Geoff McKnight," he volunteered.

David introduced himself and shook the other guy's big, strong hand.

"I'm not hard to get along with," Geoff said bluntly, "so I don't think we're likely to get on each other's nerves. Come on, let's eat. I'm sure the fucking food is as lousy as ever!"

It was as though God, or fate, *wanted* them to fuck, David thought feverishly, as he followed Geoff to the mess. Geoff ate like a horse, lousy food or no, and encouraged David to do the same, laughing and joking between mouthfuls. By the time the meal was over, David felt as though the two of them had known each other for years.

Geoff, David quickly discovered, had another quality which endeared him to his new roommate: he didn't believe in beating around the bush. They had barely gotten back to their cabin and closed the door behind them before Geoff matter-of-factly told him, "I hope you don't mind if I whack it off before I go to sleep tonight. I wanted to get laid in Aberdeen last night, but it didn't work out. I'm horny as hell. If it bothers you, I can do it in the shower. And by the way, if you ever want an hour or so of privacy, just let me know and I'll make myself scarce."

David smiled knowingly at him. "Why on earth would I want you to leave? I can always draw the curtain."

"To masturbate, sure," Geoff retorted bluntly. "But if you ever decide to invite some bloke in here so he can suck you off, he might not appreciate having an audience."

David decided to be as bold as Geoff: "You're the only guy I've seen on this rig so far who I'd be interested in trading off blow-jobs with."

He could feel himself blushing as Geoff grabbed him, clamped his huge hands onto each of his upper arms, and planted a hard kiss on David's lips. A shudder of

"I hope you don't mind if I whack off before I go to sleep," David's new roommate said. "If you ever want some privacy, like to invite some bloke in here so he can suck you off, I'll make myself scarce."
David decided to be as bold as Geoff. "You're the only guy on this rig who I'd be interested in trading off blow-jobs with."
"Let's get naked," Geoff whispered. "I can't wait to make love to you."

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desire rippled through David's body. He groaned and squirmed his crotch tightly against Geoff's.

"Let's get naked," Geoff whispered. "I can't wait to make love to you."

Even as he spoke, he was tearing at his clothes. David stepped back so they could look at each other in the narrow room as he stripped off his own flannel shirt and jeans, then his boots and socks, and finally his jockey shorts. His sexy bunkmate paused in his undressing and leaned back against the wall to watch. Geoff's bare chest rose and fell as he breathed harder. His eyes glittered like those of an appreciative customer at a hot all-male strip show.

When David met his gaze, Geoff stuck his tongue out and ran it shamelessly over his lips, wetting them until they gleamed in the dim light.

David shivered with raw lust and anticipation as he stared at Geoff's hot, cocksucking mouth, imagining how good it would feel wrapped around his turgid meat. Stripped to the waist, Geoff smiled invitingly. His hands went down to his pants. He worked them down his legs inch by inch, then peeled away the stretchy nylon fabric of his briefs and presented his fellow roughneck with an enticing view of his shapely and oh-so-fuckable little behind. The twin white mounds were so tight they didn't giggle when Geoff straightened up after discarding his trousers and underpants.

Geoff turned forward again. His massive erection looked obscenely hard, very swollen—a thick cylinder of dark flesh capped by a dark-red head, the piss slit moist and pink.

David stared at the drop of clear jizm oozing out of the slit.

"It needs to be sucked," said Geoff.

"And I need to suck it."

Smiling, Geoff brought it to him. David shoved a hand down between his new fuck buddy's parted thighs and gripped his balls, then rubbed his fingers up and down the rigid shaft. Geoff moved in closer and embraced him, brushing his strong pectoral muscles and stiff tits against David's own hairy chest. Their lips came together and opened. Tonguing deeply, their mouths constantly in motion, they caressed each other's writhing bodies with sweaty hands.

"Oh, Christ," Geoff gasped, as David pinched his big tits brutally, making Geoff's asshole contract and his cock jerk violently. "Bloody fucking Christ, man, you're getting me hot enough to blow my wad already! What about that blow job you mentioned?"

David let go of Geoff's tits and grabbed his dick. With the thick index finger of his other hand, he speared Geoff's asshole. Geoff's blue eyes bulged in their sockets as David rapidly finger-fucked him.

"Let's lie down," David urged quietly, releasing Geoff only long enough to push him onto one of the unmade bunks, then piling on top of him.

Their hands went everywhere. Their mouths joined in another lip-bruising, tongue-sucking kiss. Their teeth made little nips that got both men even more excited.

David slid a hand between them and tortured Geoff's hard-pointed tits. Then he went after the horny Scotsman's dick. He swung his body around and presented his own crotch to Geoff's eager mouth. He felt Geoff's breath on his thighs, then his agile tongue lapping at his cockhead.

David fit his own mouth around Geoff's hard cylinder and ate it hungrily, applying a strong, steady suction from deep in his throat. Geoff squirmed against him and groaned, then gagged himself on David's meat.

Geoff's hips rocked and gyrated, jerking his dick in and out of David's mouth. It began to leak tiny dribblets of jizm, and David lapped them up with loud sucking and swallowing and slurping sounds.

Geoff's wet lips squeezed tightly on the base of David's fuck tool. His tongue lashed around the shaft. David wriggled and jabbed at the back of Geoff's throat.

Slowly David slid his fingers up into the warm, soft crease of Geoff's ass. Geoff trembled and moaned. Then, after testing the tightness of Geoff's asshole with a fingertip, David pushed the entire finger as far in as it would go.

Geoff quivered and jerked again and again.

"Oh Christ!" David shouted, as the tightly clenched ring of his own sphincter muscle was forced open, and the sexy Scottish bastard's finger jammed into him. He could feel himself see-sawing wildly on the edge of ejaculation.

Sweating and groaning, the naked young studs rammed their loins at each other's mouths and jammed their fingers in and out of each other's assholes.

Then suddenly Geoff broke away. He yanked his finger out of David's asshole, pulled his crotch away from David's mouth, and got up on his hands and knees on the narrow bunk. When David looked up, Geoff's asshole was gaping at him, the cheeks flexed in lewd provocation as Geoff held them open with both hands.

"Fuck me! Get that damned thing up my ass before I explode! God damn it, man, I need your *cock!* I need to get *fucked!*"

David took him at his word: he pounced on Geoff's butt and drove his cock all the way to the base in a single hard lunge.

"Fuck!" Geoff cried out, arching his broad back. "Fuck me! Yeah, fuck me hard and deep! Ream the hell out of my ass! It feels *good,* man—so damned good!"

"Fuck back! *Move* that hot ass of yours, man!" David commanded.

Geoff moved it, all right. He used his rectum like a flesh-and-blood masturbation device custom-made for David's cockshaft. His asshole had to be the hottest and hungriest that David had ever plugged, and it seemed to get even hotter and hungrier the longer they screwed. David could hear the loud slapping sounds as Geoff grabbed his own dick in his fist and pumped himself wildly. He was taking David's meat deep into his guts, clutching it, squeezing it, scorching it.

"Fuck me, David," Geoff choked. "Oh, man, you can go on fucking me all night long!"

That was exactly what David intended to do. He was pretty sure that it would be a very sleepy and soft-cocked couple of roughnecks who'd report to work early the following morning. But he didn't mind a bit. With this hot-assed bunkmate to keep him busy nights, he figured he might as well get used to putting in a full day's work with very little sleep—but a hell of a lot of recreation. ■

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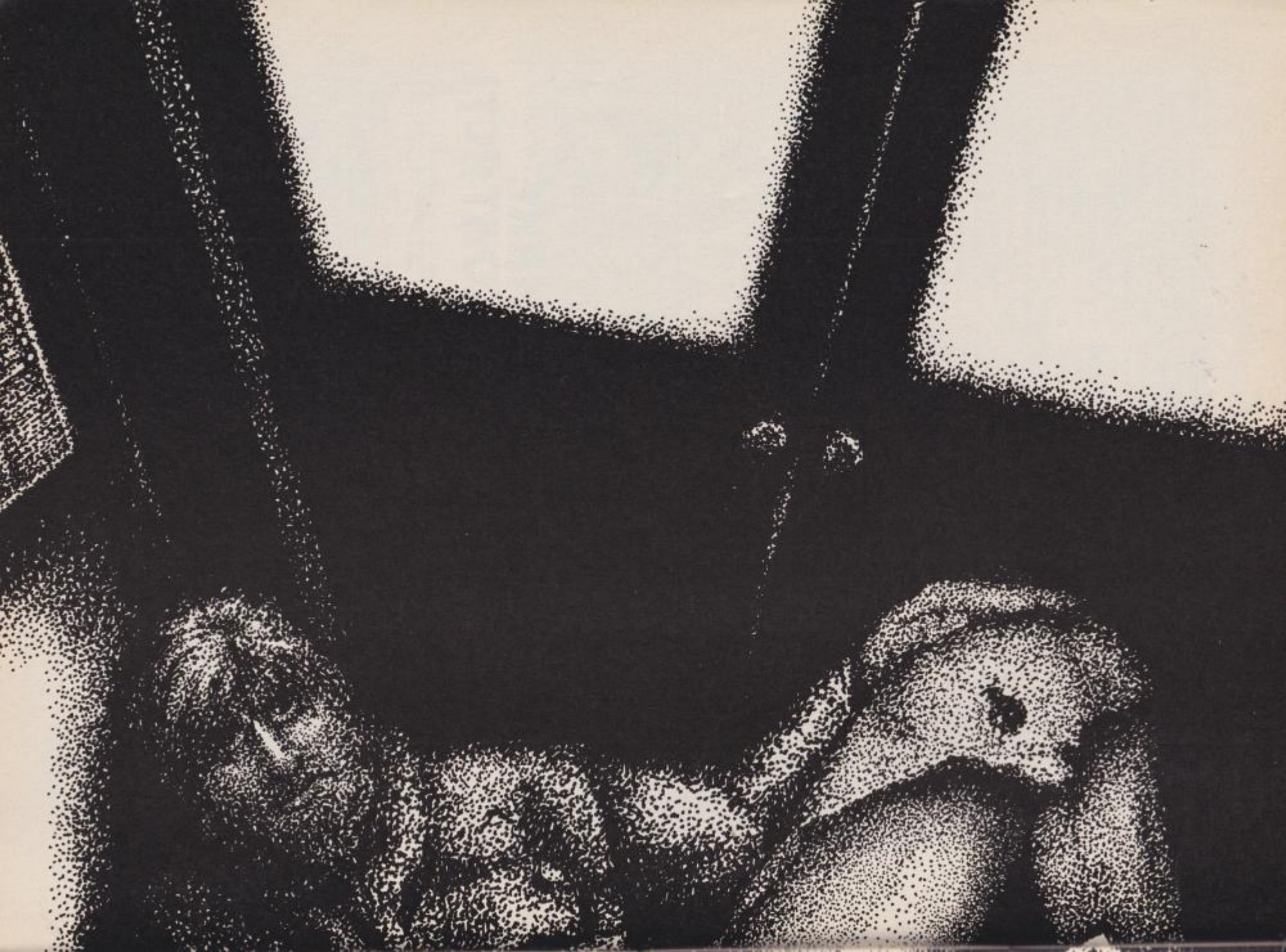


urban caveman

BY BOB JACKSON
ART BY ALEXANDER

I live in one of the upwardly mobile sections of Boston. It's an area of old mansions and townhouses that are gradually being restored to their former splendor, but it's also right on the fringe of one of the city's more squalid sections. As a result, we sometimes get unwelcome "visitors," especially at night.

One of them had become a permanent thorn in the ass of everyone who lives in my building by camping out almost nightly in the vestibule between the solid oak outer doors and the frosted glass inner ones of our former mansion. The trouble was, you couldn't tell if he was there or not until you were literally almost on top of him. He'd be sprawled out all over the carpet, and when you banged into him with the outer door he was up and abusive in a flash. He resented being disturbed from his sleep and wasn't about to leave politely. On more than one occasion I'd have to walk two blocks to a

phone booth and call the police to have him removed before I could pass safely through to my own home.

All my neighbors had similar encounters. Even when we didn't see him in person, we knew he'd been there. Cigarette butts would be strewn all over the carpet in the morning, and his lingering stench would confirm that he'd used our building once again as his personal flophouse. But nobody could think of how to get rid of him. The way the mansion had been renovated, the vestibule contained the mailboxes and door buzzers for all the apartments, so the outer door had to be accessible to the mailman and any visitors we might have. Including this most unwelcome one.

One night about six months ago I'd come home from the bars feeling more drunk and horny than I like to feel, and there he was again. Six feet of matted grizzly. He started to get up with the usual blood and fire in his eyes, ready to do battle like a caveman defending his territory, but I just wasn't in the mood for it that night. time I really looked at him. Not just as an offensive object in my vestibule but as another human being. And what I saw surprised the hell out of me. Underneath all the grime and filth, behind the matted beard and scraggly blond hair, was an extremely handsome man with beautiful blue eyes.

I found myself asking his name.

"Louis," he muttered. He started to fish inside his ragged pockets for a cigarette, and to my amazement I dug out one of my own for him first and reached down to offer and light it.

"How old are you, Louis?" I asked, as he took the flame and inhaled deeply.

"Twenty-nine," he told me. Then, after thinking a second, he said, "No. Thirty. Last week."

You'd never have known it by his appearance. But I found myself starting to picture him in a different way. Not all scrubbed up and shaved and in decent clothes the way some queens might, but as a sort of urban caveman, aging fast and hard because of the conditions of his inside my head, and now that I'd brought it out into the open I was going to see it through to the finish. . .whatever it might be.

"You heard me," I said. "I'm going to be honest with you. I want to see your cock. I'm gay and I'm rich and I'm willing to pay you five bucks if you take it out right now and show it to me."

"What the hell for?"

"That's none of your business. Are you going to do it or not?"

I felt little tingles running down my spine, but I didn't know if they were from fear or excitement. Maybe it was the knowledge that with this guy I was being completely honest about my sexual desires for the first time in my life. I had nothing to lose. Maybe I was taking unfair advantage, but he certainly needed what I was offering more than I needed him. At least that's what I was still telling myself.

"You're crazier than *I* am!" he laughed.

I fished into my pocket, peeled off a fiver, and dangled it before his eyes. "It's all yours, Louis. Just whip it out for me and the

He was always there, a filthy bum stinking up the vestibule of my apartment building where he spent the night. But tonight I saw him in a new way, as another human being. Underneath all that grime he was really a handsome man. . .

To hell with it, I thought. If I'd come in a half-hour sooner, or him maybe ten minutes later, I'd never even have known he was there.

"Hold on!" I said. "Don't get crazy; I just want to get past you."

He eyed me suspiciously and drew his legs up closer to his body. "'Bout time you lemme alone, you fuckin' bastard," he muttered.

I couldn't let that one pass, no matter how tired I was. "Look, I can still walk out there and call the cops, you know. This is *my* home, not yours."

"Fuckin' rich pig!" he shot back. "Think you own the world, don't you?"

"*This* part of it, yes! I *do*!" I shouted. "I'd just like to know one thing. What makes you think you got the right to crash here every goddamn night?"

He shrugged and looked away from me. "Got nowhere else to go, man."

His honesty was so completely disarming—or maybe I was so much drunker than I'd imagined—that for the first world. Images of the savage hunks in movies like *Quest for Fire* and *Conan* began to flash through my mind.

"How did you wind up like this so young?" I asked.

"Got fucked up on some bad acid, in 'Nam," he said. For all I knew, it was probably true.

"What do you do for money?" I said, as my thoughts began to run wilder by the second. "Don't you get something from the government?"

I was immediately sorry I'd said that, because it started him off on a foul tirade about our government doing nothing for Vietnam veterans, which was probably also true. I looked down at him and swallowed hard.

"How'd you like to pick up a fast five bucks right now?"

He looked suspicious. "How?"

"Show me your dick."

He almost choked on his cigarette. "*What?*"

Something really weird was happening money's yours."

He looked at the bill, then at my face, then at his crotch. His fingers slowly worked their way to the top of his fly and inched the zipper down. He spread the ragged jeans apart and dug out his tool. I had to catch my breath. At least four inches of soft, uncut manmeat lay against a dense thicket of blond, matted pubic hair.

"Play with it," I ordered. "Show it to me hard."

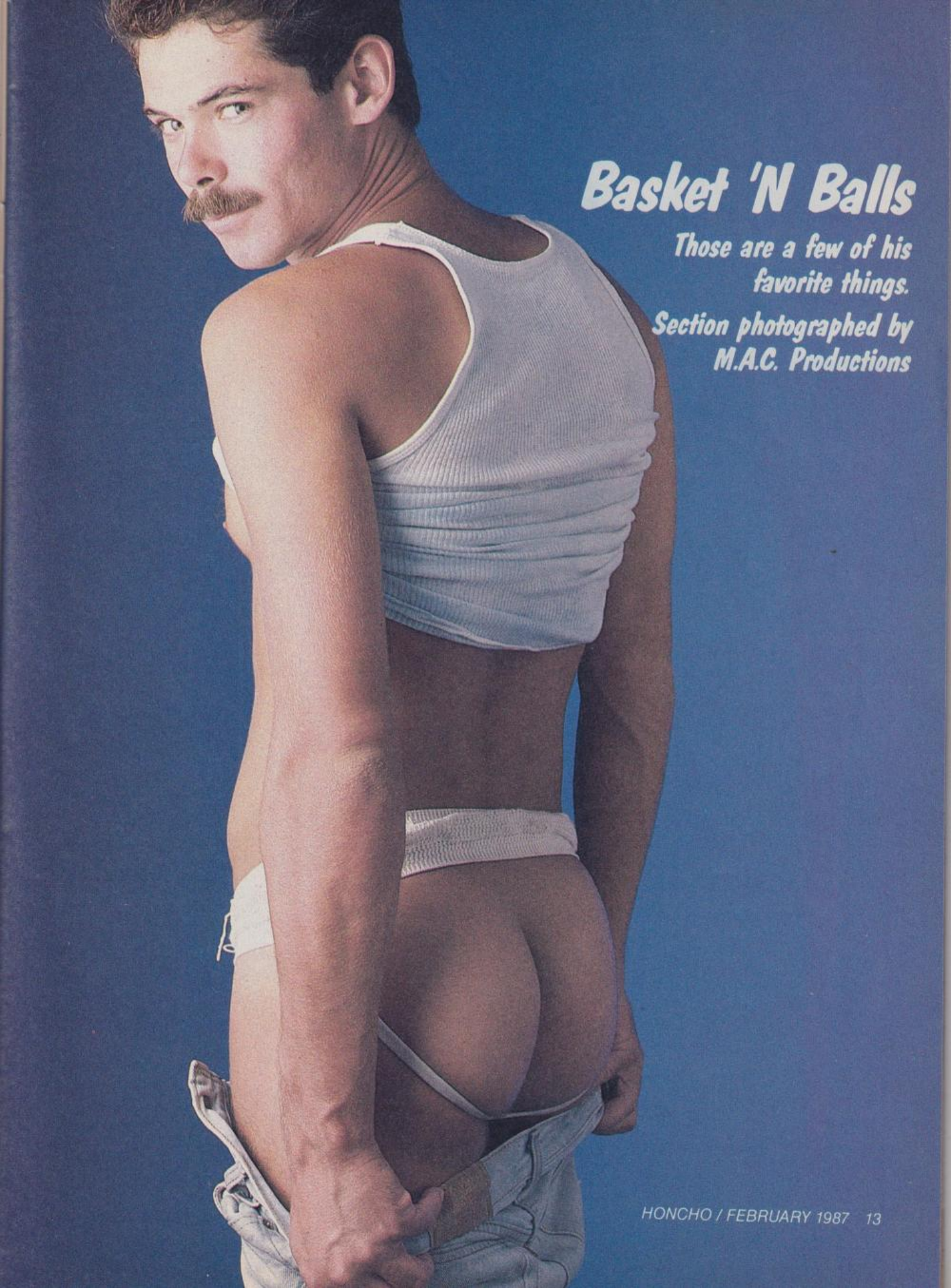
"You didn't say that was part of the deal."

"Do you think I'd pay good money to see a *limp* prick?" I laughed nervously. "I want to see a boner. . .or nothing."

He hesitated a few moments; then his dirty fingers slipped around his cock and began to manipulate it. But in a little while I could tell that was getting us nowhere. His thing wasn't getting any harder, no matter how he stroked or jerked on it.

"Let me help." I crouched in front of him. His body odor was almost overpowering, but that was part of the excitement. Louis was no bar clone; he was a raw, rugged,

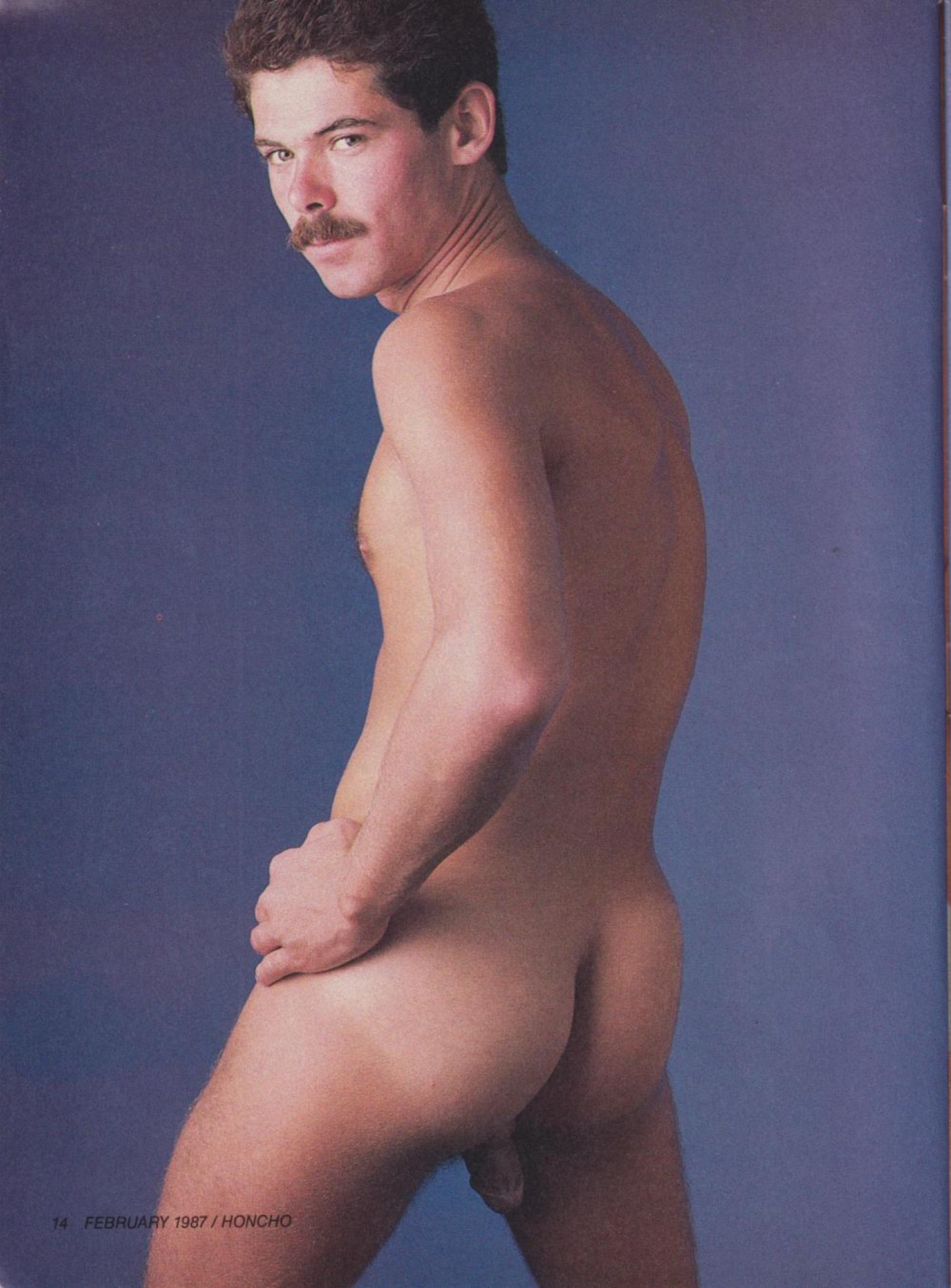
Continued to page 74

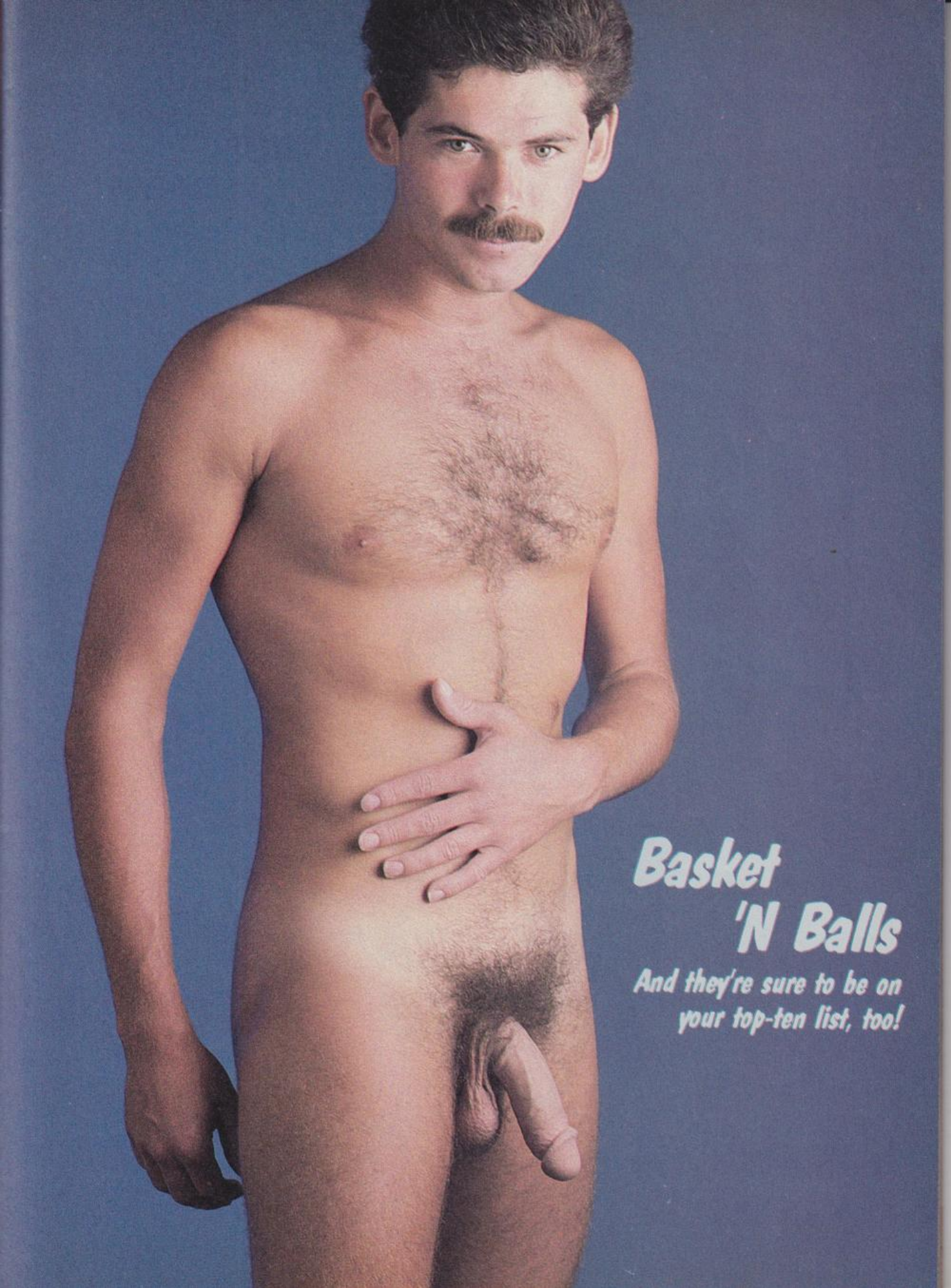


Basket 'N Balls

Those are a few of his favorite things.

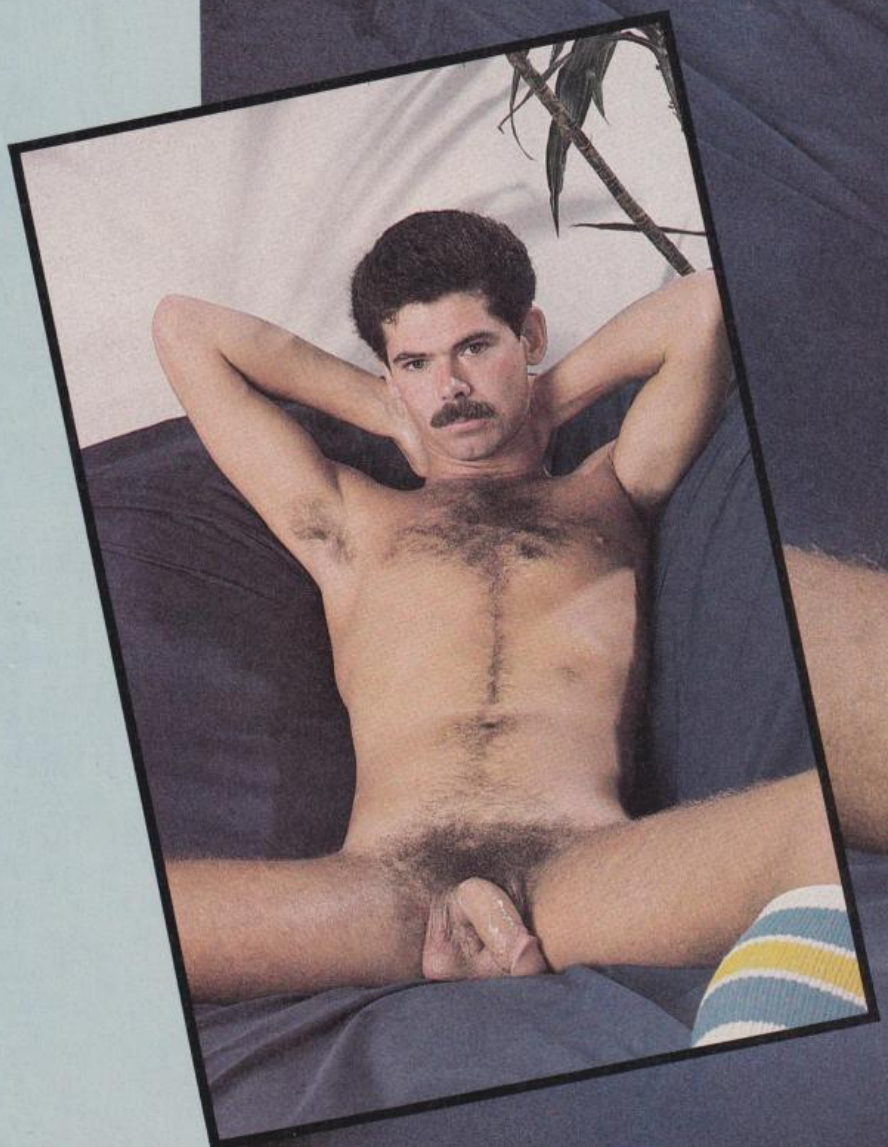
Section photographed by M.A.C. Productions



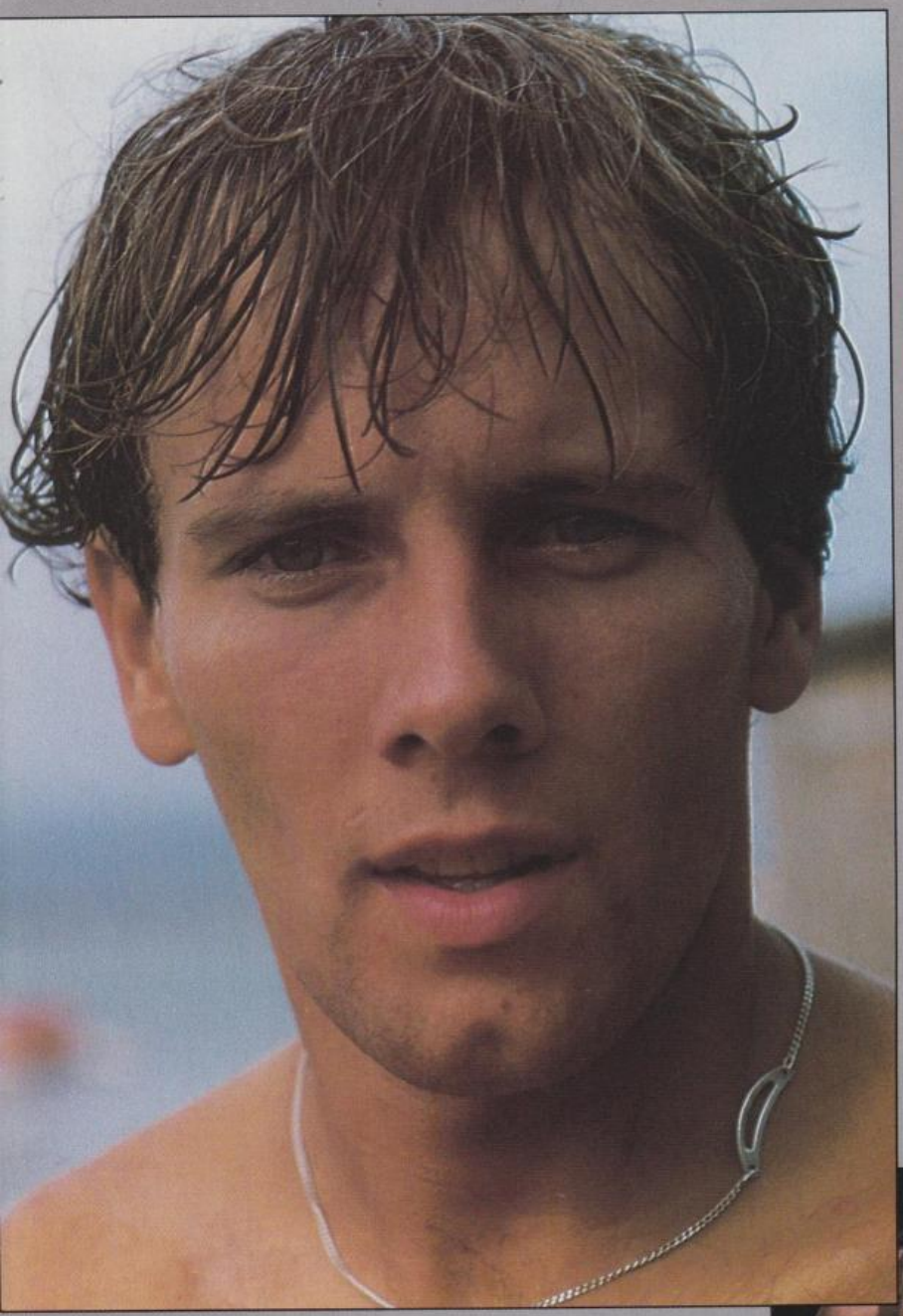

Basket
'N Balls
And they're sure to be on
your top-ten list, too!

Basket 'N Balls

So why don't you two get together for some basket ballin'.



MARKSMAN PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS A JEAN-DANIEL CADINOT FILM



World-class award winning erotic filmmaker Jean-Daniel Cadinot turns up the heat in a trio of scorchers calculated to set your sparks flying!

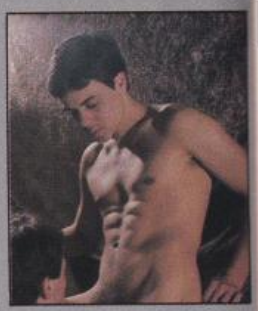
IN TENSE HEAT

Beach Boys: Warm-blooded youths under a sultry tropical sun. Dark muscular MacKenna rescues his new friend from the surf -- but the mouth-to-mouth contact that follows is strictly for pleasure. Down the beach, two blonds compare the bulges in their bathing straps and wrestle in the sand -- while the leather boys retire to the bushes to work out some private kinks of their own. The couples finally come together for a free-wheeling orgy that threatens to set the brush afire.

Men Prefer Men: Midnight in the red-light district. Flashing neon, smoldering glances . . . . . and inside the clubs du sex, the men prefer men - especially stripped-down and flaunting their assets on stage. The crowd quickly ignites -- getting out of hand, and out of their pants. The climax: A sizzling striptease by the wildly versatile Felipe Gambas, who single-handedly proves that a very large object can be made to fit into a very tight hole.

Working Men: Down in the factory basement, surrounded by the boom of firing pistons and throbbing engines,a black hardhat and his burly partner devise some throbbing piston action of their own. Steam heat and brawn, Cadinot-style.

"The French guys in all of Cadinot's films are a combination of angel and street punk: the faces of angels and the sexual appetites of street punks!" -- John W. Rowberry, FQ



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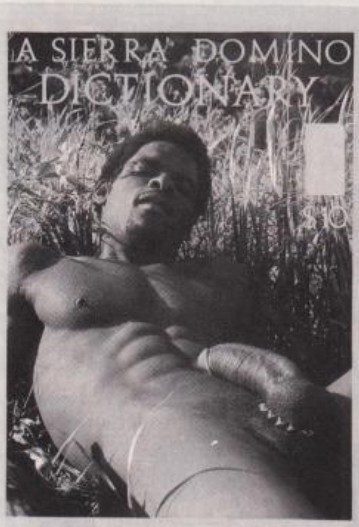

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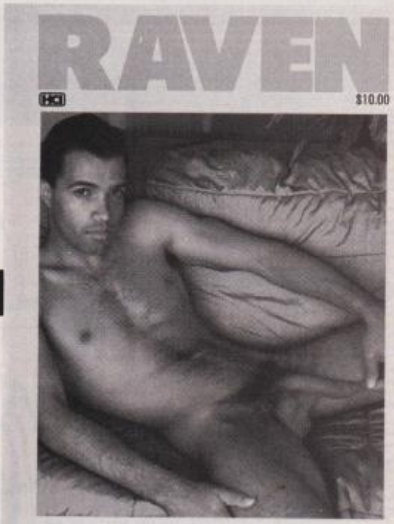

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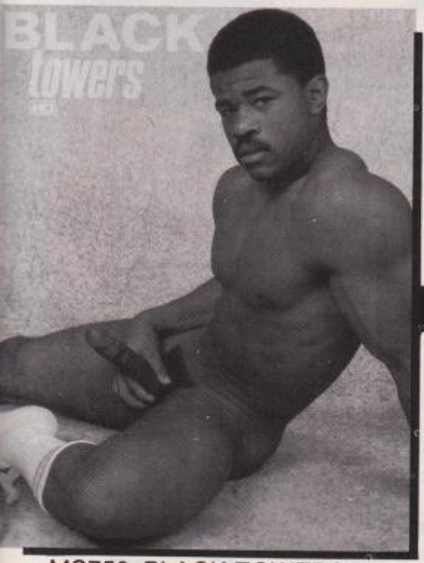

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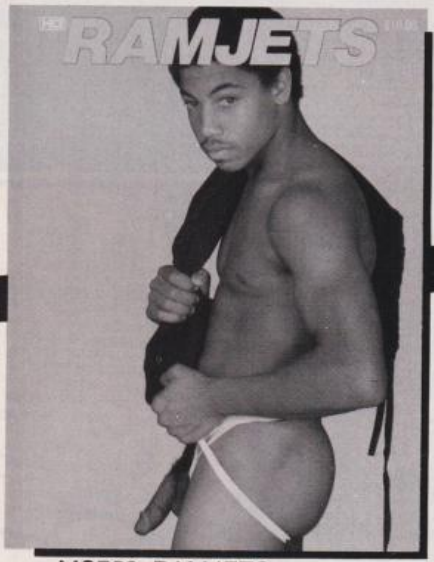

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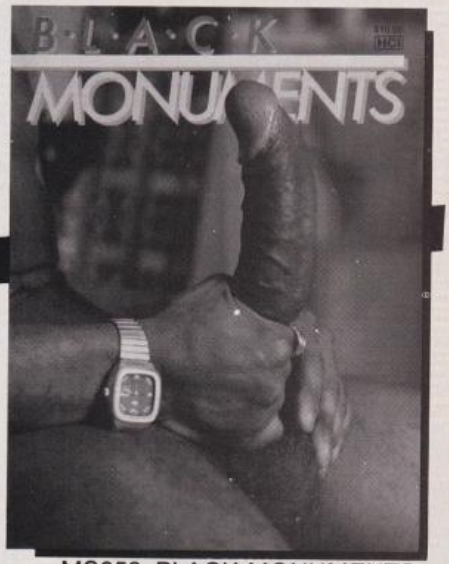

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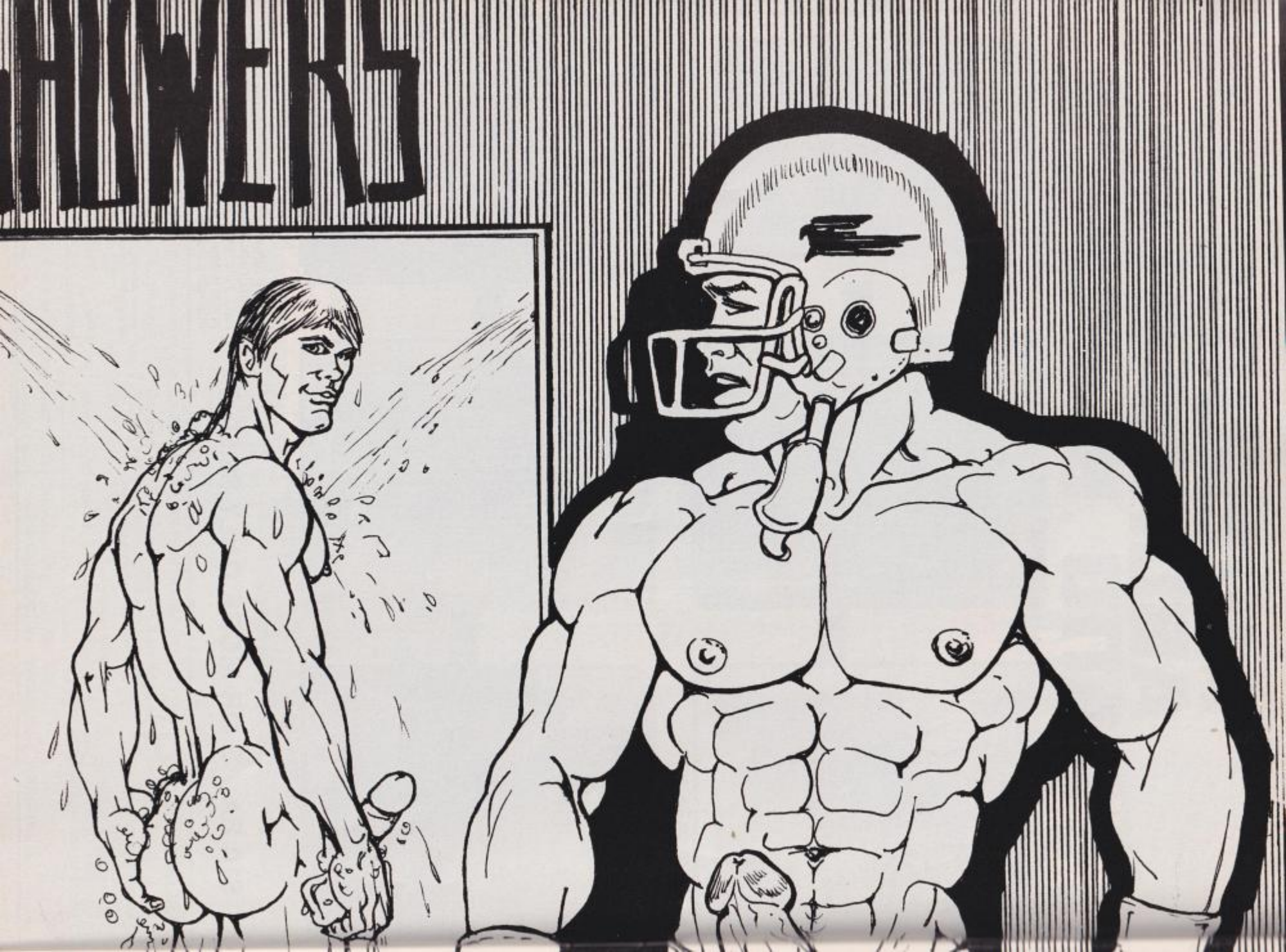
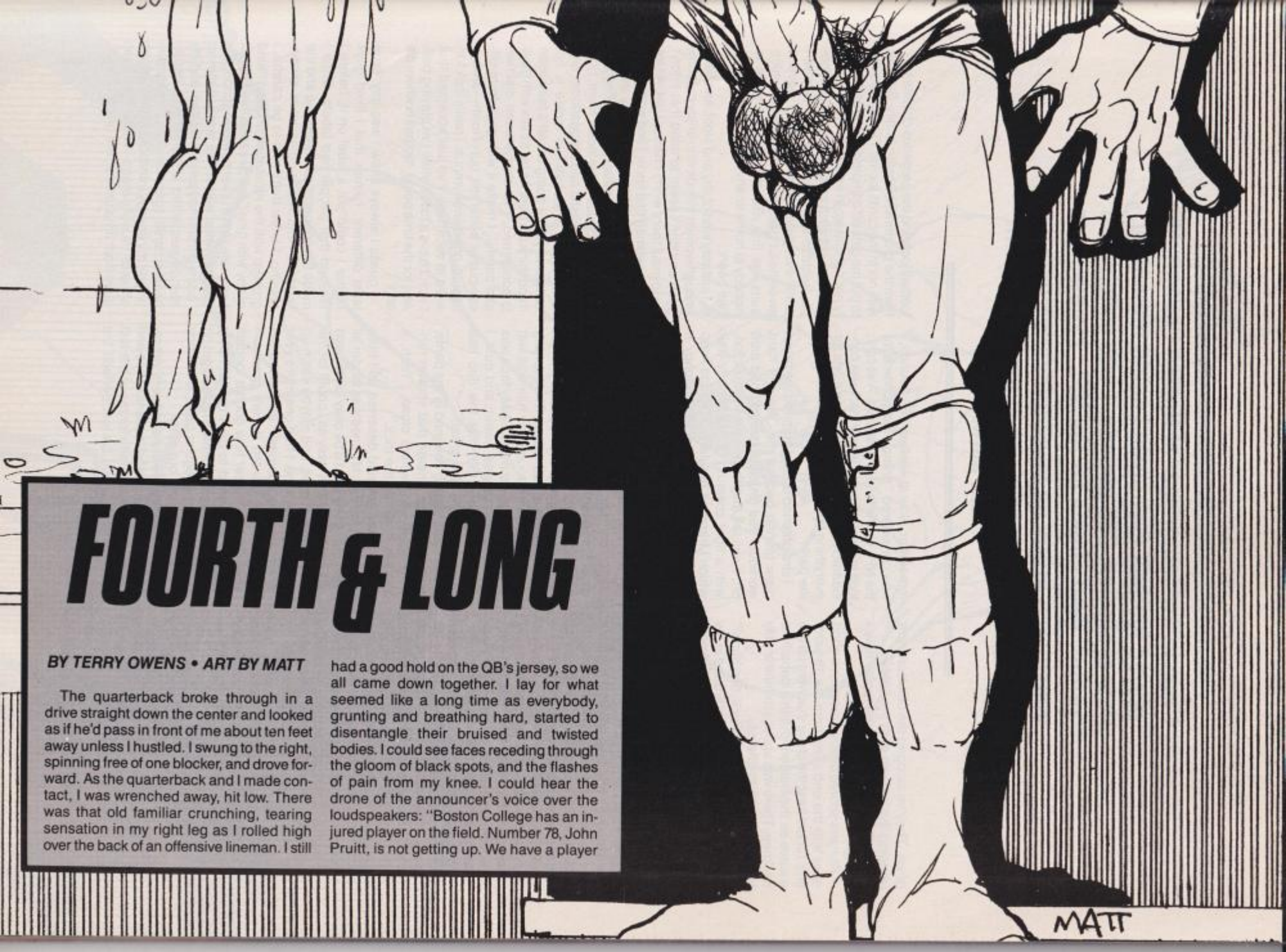

SHOWER



FOURTH & LONG

BY TERRY OWENS • ART BY MATT

The quarterback broke through in a drive straight down the center and looked as if he'd pass in front of me about ten feet away unless I hustled. I swung to the right, spinning free of one blocker, and drove forward. As the quarterback and I made contact, I was wrenched away, hit low. There was that old familiar crunching, tearing sensation in my right leg as I rolled high over the back of an offensive lineman. I still had a good hold on the QB's jersey, so we all came down together. I lay for what seemed like a long time as everybody, grunting and breathing hard, started to disentangle their bruised and twisted bodies. I could see faces receding through the gloom of black spots, and the flashes of pain from my knee. I could hear the drone of the announcer's voice over the loudspeakers: "Boston College has an injured player on the field. Number 78, John Pruitt, is not getting up. We have a player

I was in my senior year at Boston College; I'd played football ever since I could remember. Now at six-five, 268 pounds, I was considered "primo" draft choice for the NFL. I knew I was considered prime on several people's lists for everything from marriage to a quick blow in the park.

down. They've stopped the clock and are bringing the trainers onto the field."

They'll all be watching the replay now, I thought. Gotta get up.

Rutgers scored on the next play: a short pass into the end zone from the 18-yard-line. I could hear the cheer that went up like a wave as the trainers put the icepack to my knee. There was about a minute of play left. I was done for the day.

"How bad is it, coach? Fuck, that hurts!"

Thoughts started chasing around in my head. Is this it for the season? Naw, c'mon, it's not that bad. It was a soft hit. I rolled right out of it. I'll be fine, won't I?

The trainers sort of walked me off the field and into the team doctor's office. Dr. Riggins wasn't saying much as he manipulated the joint and prepared the hypodermic to give me a shot. It wasn't that bad after all. "Rig" disappeared, and I was left to hang out on the table with my right knee packed in ice, waiting for the shot to take effect. We'd lost the game by now, I was sure. A few people looked in and nodded in my direction. Sounds of players passing subsided, and the light dimmed as I drifted off.

When I finally decided to move it seemed very quiet. I stood up gingerly, trying my knee, while still leaning against the table. The examination room was littered with my uniform and pieces of equipment—helmet on the floor, shoulder pads on the back of a chair. My hands and forearms were partially unwrapped, with the tape and my gloves on a table nearby. I took a step forward onto my jersey, which was in a ball on the floor alongside my shoes. I stood still for a moment. There wasn't a sound, except for a shower running somewhere far off. I looked around slowly, couldn't feel my knee, couldn't feel much of anything to be honest.

"Whew, I must be pretty stoned."

I carefully started to massage my knee and, glancing up, caught a glimpse of myself in the full-length mirror. I was 21 that year, my senior year at Boston College. I'd played football ever since I could remember. Now at six-five, 268 pounds, I was considered "primo" draft choice for the NFL for the following season. A second look in the mirror, and I knew that I was considered prime on several people's lists for everything from marriage to a quick blow in the park.

I straightened up and admired the blond giant glaring back at me. Years of hard workouts and grueling training had paid off. I was tall and thick, heavily muscled, with a light covering of blond body hair which I trimmed regularly. I liked to keep it short because when it got long, it seemed to soften the definition I'd worked so hard to develop. I flexed a few times. I felt stiff and sore, not that unfamiliar a feeling. My "traps" popped up as I shrugged. I flared my "lats" a couple of times, did a couple of curls to pump my biceps. I ran my hand across my chest and circled my nipples with a fingertip. My nipples are large, about the size of half-dollars. They sprang to attention at my touch. My hair was wet and matted against my skull. My face was smeared with grease, sweat, and dust. I wondered about the shot the doc had given me. Man, I felt great!

But I was feeling confined in my pants, jock, and pads. I heard that shower running again somewhere close. "Yeah, a shower, that'd do the trick."

The place seemed deserted as I hobbled down the hall. My knee was tender all right, but I knew that I'd be okay for the next game. I'd take it as easy as I could for the next couple of days, and maybe catch up on some study time. I had one more year to go on my business administration degree, and I wanted decent grades. I knew that no matter how good a football player I happened to be, I couldn't play forever. Defensive linemen hit, and get hit pretty hard, on a regular basis, and body parts tend to give out early.

I was passing the cheerleaders' dressing room, thinking about Joanna Rice and the big play she'd made for me at the last team party. It would be just perfect: the football jock and the gorgeous cheerleader from the prominent Boston family. But that was not in the cards for me. I've learned not to put the girls off completely, and especially not right away, even when I'm really not interested at all. It arouses suspicion. People begin to ask questions. As it is now, I think everyone imagines that I have a sweetheart back home in Toronto, which suits me fine. But the truth is, there is nobody at home or anywhere. There never has been.

I just stay kind of shy and aloof, and have enough women friends who enjoy my company and don't seem to mind that I don't try to maul them every chance I get. As for the few woman that *know,* I find women are generally more accepting of my sexual taste than, say, football players. Faggots are not too popular in the locker room. I join in the usual bullshit and braggadocio, and let's face it, a six-foot-five tackle is not someone you're going to call a fairy even if you think it's true. As far as sex with guys is concerned, I've always been discreet and careful. I make it with guys from off-campus or, better still, out of town—always casual, often anonymous. I really look forward to vacations. I've just accepted that I won't have a lover while I'm playing ball. And for the time being, football is where it's at.

I guess I always knew I was gay, or at least different. I knew that I liked guys before I could put a label on it, before I realized that people *had* labels. Once I made the connection between me and the "sissies" that my buddies were always teasing, I knew that I had to be careful. I grew up with the reputation of being "kind of shy with girls," but because I was a jock I was safe. When I went away to school, life got somewhat easier. My family believed I had a girl stashed away in Boston, and my friends suspected a high-school sweetheart at home. I grew up kind of lonely, putting all my energy into football and jerking off with muscle mags. There had been guys from time to time, but never serious.

MATT

The guys in the locker room had always teased me about the dimensions of my dick. They said it was like a beer can, about seven inches long and about that big around as well. Tim had a handful. When he got down on his knees and closed his mouth around the knob, he got a mouthful, too.

I realized that they would never accept my double life. They'd want to be a part of it, of all of it, and there was no way.

So I played ball.

I passed the male cheerleaders' locker room, and slowly worked my way toward the showers. I found that I was thinking about Tim Gunning, a choice little fucker with the tightest ass. It was his first year with the team. He was a freshman from upstate Massachusetts somewhere. He was in first year of veterinary science, and a gymnast. This hot little number, about five-feet-six, had been state champion two years running. He had that small, tight musculature characteristic of the best gymnasts. He was gay, too. It didn't seem to be a problem for him. The guys on the team figured all the male cheerleaders were queer anyway. He didn't get much flack, and didn't seem to care when he did. Most of the jocks just felt sort of confused when they were reminded that this little "fairy" was a superb athlete, a champion in a demanding and very competitive sport. To me, he was maginficent. I caught glimpses of him from time to time in the gym as he ran through his routines. He practiced handsprings, twists, and vaults by the hour. More than anyone else, he had the crowd gasping during the half-time shows.

One afternoon about a month ago, we'd had a particularly tough practice, and I came into the gym to take a break and get a drink. I was in shorts, with my T-shirt almost torn off my back. I stood there drenched in sweat and caked in grass and shit from the field. From the water fountain I saw Tim in the middle of a "giant swing," preparing for his dismount. I'd watched him go through this routine many times and so I knew where he was going with it. He picked up speed, let go, did a double reverse somersault, and landed perfectly. With arms up, shoulders back, and head high, he took a deep breath and flashed an eager grin as if to acknowledge the cheers of the crowd. His glance caught my stare, and the smile faded, only to re-establish itself momentarily with a warmer, almost conspirational quality. It was as if we shared a secret. I smiled sheepishly, took a quick drink from the fountain, and went to get a fresh shirt. When I came back out, he was gone.

I was aware of the tightness in my groin as I remembered watching that beautiful man bathed in the sweat of his exertion. I seemed to see again that sharply chiseled chest, smooth and glistening, rising and falling rapidly. Every muscle was taut with strain, yet the smile was relaxed and easy. The heart was pounding, the pulse racing, the stomach contracting in spasms, and still he seemed composed and at ease. The cheeks of his ass were compressed and clinging to the material of his pants. His thighs quivered lightly with the tension of the moment. He must have seen that I wanted him. I reached down and adjusted my cock in my jockstrap, as I remembered the outline of his own generous meat under the thin material of his white tights.

Only now I was back in the team locker room, and one look around confirmed that we had indeed lost the game. The crushed paper cups, towels, tape, bandages, and odd bits of equipment are always strewn everywhere, but when we've won, there's an exuberance to the disorder. That night the locker room looked dejected, uninviting. It was quiet except for the shower still running at the opposite end behind the partition. Who's still here? I wondered.

I added my equipment to all the other junk surrounding me on every side, unlaced my pants, and slid them and my jock below my thighs. I sat down to take the weight off my leg for a while. By now I was sure that I was stoned on the shot that Rig had given me, I should tell you about Doc Rig and why he was such a popular guy. "Rig" wasn't just short for Stephen Riggins, M.D. We called him that because if you were hurt, damaged, or just feeling a bit low, he would always "rig" something up. He was generous with uppers, downers, painkillers, demerol—even a hit of poppers under your nose to get you going again after a hard hit. I'd been tripping along ever since I'd stood up in the treatment room.

"Some jerk-off's left the shower on," I hissed under my breath.

I impatiently kicked off my pants, which jarred my knee and sent a quiver of pain through me.

"Fuck! Ow, that hurts!"

I grabbed my towel and shampoo and headed for the showers. They weren't empty. Tim Gunning was soaping himself down for what must have been the hundredth time by now. He was turned away from me, head thrown back. He looked incredible, with the same arch in his back, the same set to his legs that I'd seen that day in the gym, except that this time he was naked and water was running in rivulets down his back and over the perfect mounds of his ass. He bent forward and turned towards me slightly, still unaware that anyone was watching. He had a huge hard-on, which he stroked steadily with one hand, twisting his fist around the swollen, purple head. With the other hand, he pulled on his ballsac. He was impressively hung, an easy nine inches.

My left hand moved down to my own cock and gave it a squeeze. Suddenly Tim turned to face me. Shaking the water from his hair and blinking several times, he looked unflinchingly into my eyes. His gaze moved slowly down my torso to my crotch, where my meat was swelling to full size. We stood smiling at one another, no more than ten feet apart. His hand never for a moment stopped stroking his magnificent cock. I dropped my towel on the nearest bench as I started toward him. He watched me with approval, his eyes roving up and down my body. When I was close enough to reach out and touch him, I stopped. He didn't move an inch. His hand continued

milking his hard-on. He looked me in the eye once more, as his tongue gently pushed through his half-parted lips. Jaws clenched, shoulders taut, he jerked his cock. A glistening drop of pre-cum appeared at the end of it, and fell to the tile floor.

I got down on one knee, the only good one left, and took his swollen cockhead between my lips. The salty taste of his pre-cum made me want more. I bore down on him slowly, taking him deeper into my throat by stages. He gasped with pleasure, then moaned softly as I swallowed a couple of times with his full nine inches down my throat. He continued to twist and pull on his nuts with both hands as my nose brushed against his pubic hair. He rocked gently a few times.

"Oh, yeah...oh, yeah..." he whispered.

As I reached up and grabbed those perfect buns, he thrust forward and then pulled out.

I stood up, easily a foot taller than him, though he was in the shower and I was one step lower on the bathroom floor. We kissed frantically, until he broke free and started licking down my chest. He pulled me under the shower with him. It was warm and soothing. He pushed me back against the tiled wall and continued working on my chest, circling my nipples with his tongue and then biting them hard, then running his tongue along the cleft of my left pec where it cuts back under my arm. All the while he massaged my balls, and I pumped harder and faster on my throbbing cock.

I was breathing hard, and my throat felt dry and raspy from the dehydration of the game and the drugs. Holding my face under the stream of water, alternately gulping water and gasping for air, I pushed him down between my legs to my aching cock. He sucked on the head and twisted my nuts. I grabbed him by the hair and pushed his face down on my meat. He groaned as it drove down his throat. I bucked a few times and then started thrusting my hips forward and back with a good, steady rhythm. I was ready to come at any minute. He must have sensed the effect he was having on me, because he abruptly pulled back and stood up smiling. He reached behind me for the soap and began to lather up my chest and stomach.

Suddenly he gripped my balls, and with his other hand he went to work on my cock again, soaping it, swirling the suds over the head and down the length of the shaft, over the head, and down again. The guys in the locker room had always teased me about the dimensions of my dick. They said it was like a beer can, about seven inches long and about that big around as well. Tim had a handful, and when he got down on his knees in front of me and closed his lips around the fleshy knob and began to suck my meat, he got a mouthful.

The sight of him down there was enough to make me blow my load right then, and I didn't want that. I pulled him to his feet, threw my arm around his waist, and lifted him off the floor. I was supporting his full weight, and the pain in my knee told me that perhaps I had been over-ambitious. I let myself fall back against the shower wall. He must have seen me wince; he reached up behind me, grasped the top of the partition with one arm, and with the other resting on my shoulder, hoisted himself up. Then he gently lowered his butt to a point just above the head of my dick. He looked at me and smiled. "This what you had in mind?"

I nodded.

He flung his head back as my cock probed at his tight little asshole. He breathed out and slid down on me, clenching his jaws and gripping my dick in his velvet vise. I reached around to his ass and lifted him up and down on my cock a few times. He flung his head from side to side and let out a yelp as a great stream of jizm shot out of his dick. Blast after blast ribboned across my chest.

He licked his lips and smiled as I pulled out and gently lowered him to the floor. We looked at each other and burst into loud, full belly laughs. For several minutes we carried on like fools, supporting each other, falling against the walls. Then, abruptly, the pain in my knee made me stop laughing; the shot was wearing off. Tim frowned at me in mock seriousness, then grinned again—that same grin I'd seen in the gym a month before—and helped me to a bench.

We talked for what seemed a long time while we changed. We were in the parking lot before we realized that each of us would be heading off in his own direction. We stood staring off into the crisp November night at the almost vacant lot.

"Well, my car's the—"

"Red Audi Coupe over there," he broke in, pointing to my car on the far side of the parking lot. "Mine's right here." He stroked the fender of a 1966 Mustang. "Tough luck about the knee. You think you'll be okay for the Navy game next week?"

"Yeah, sure—if I stay off it for a while."

"Right."

There was a pause. It seemed that there was something left to say, but I didn't know what.

Tim finally caught my eye. He smiled and then got into his car and rolled down the window. "See ya."

"When?" I blurted.

"After the game. Till then, take good care

Continued to page 75

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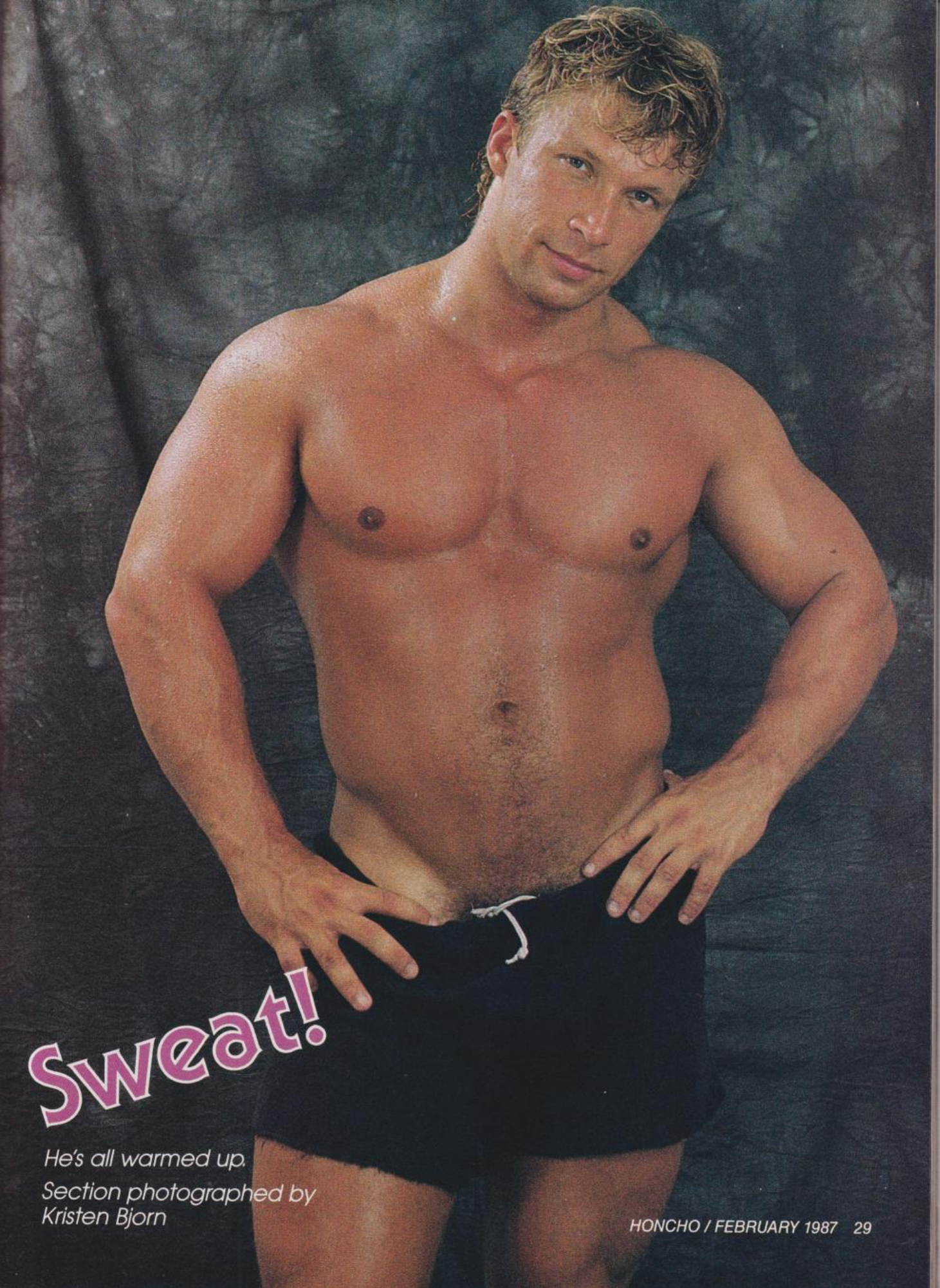
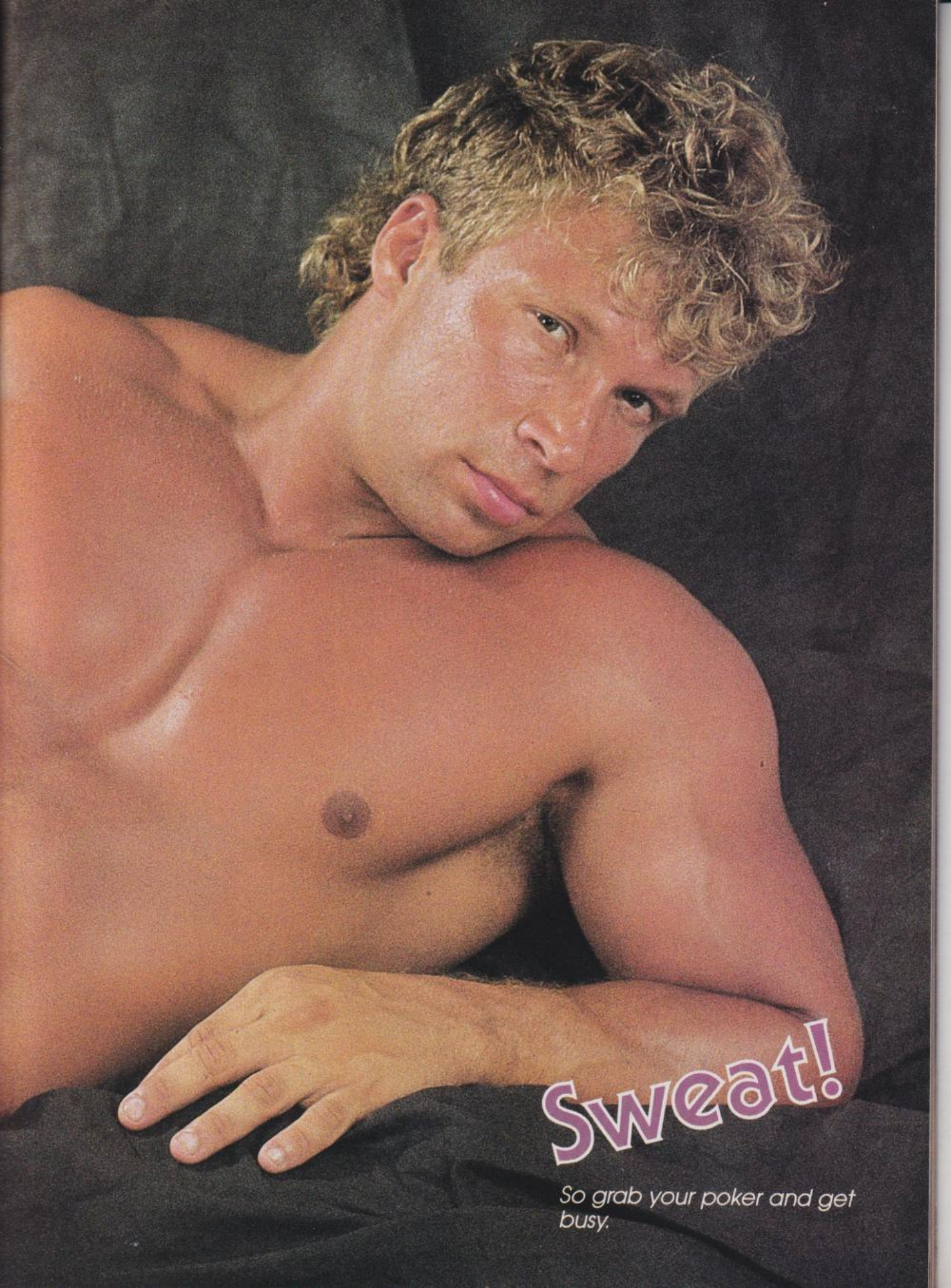


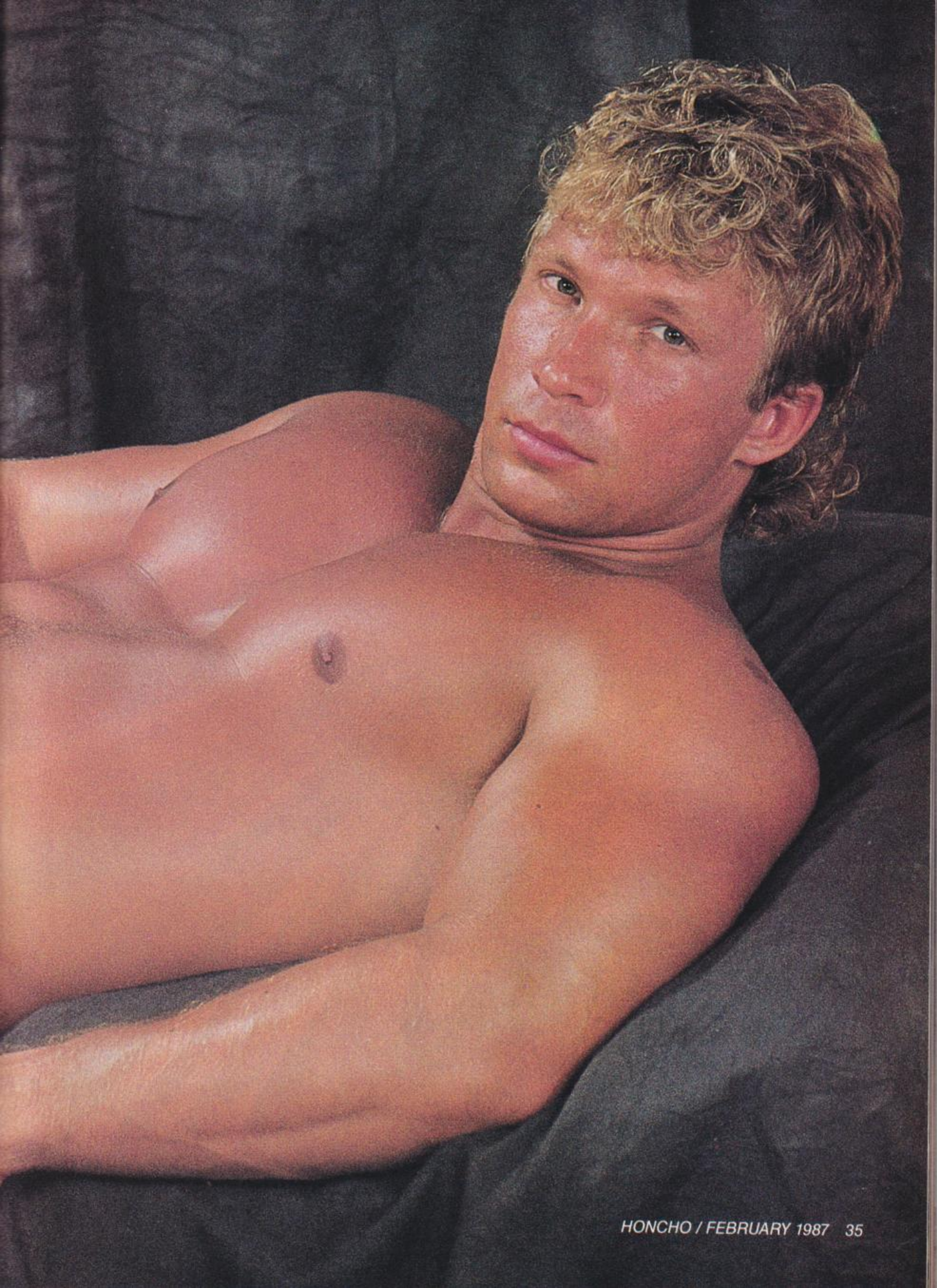
Sweat!

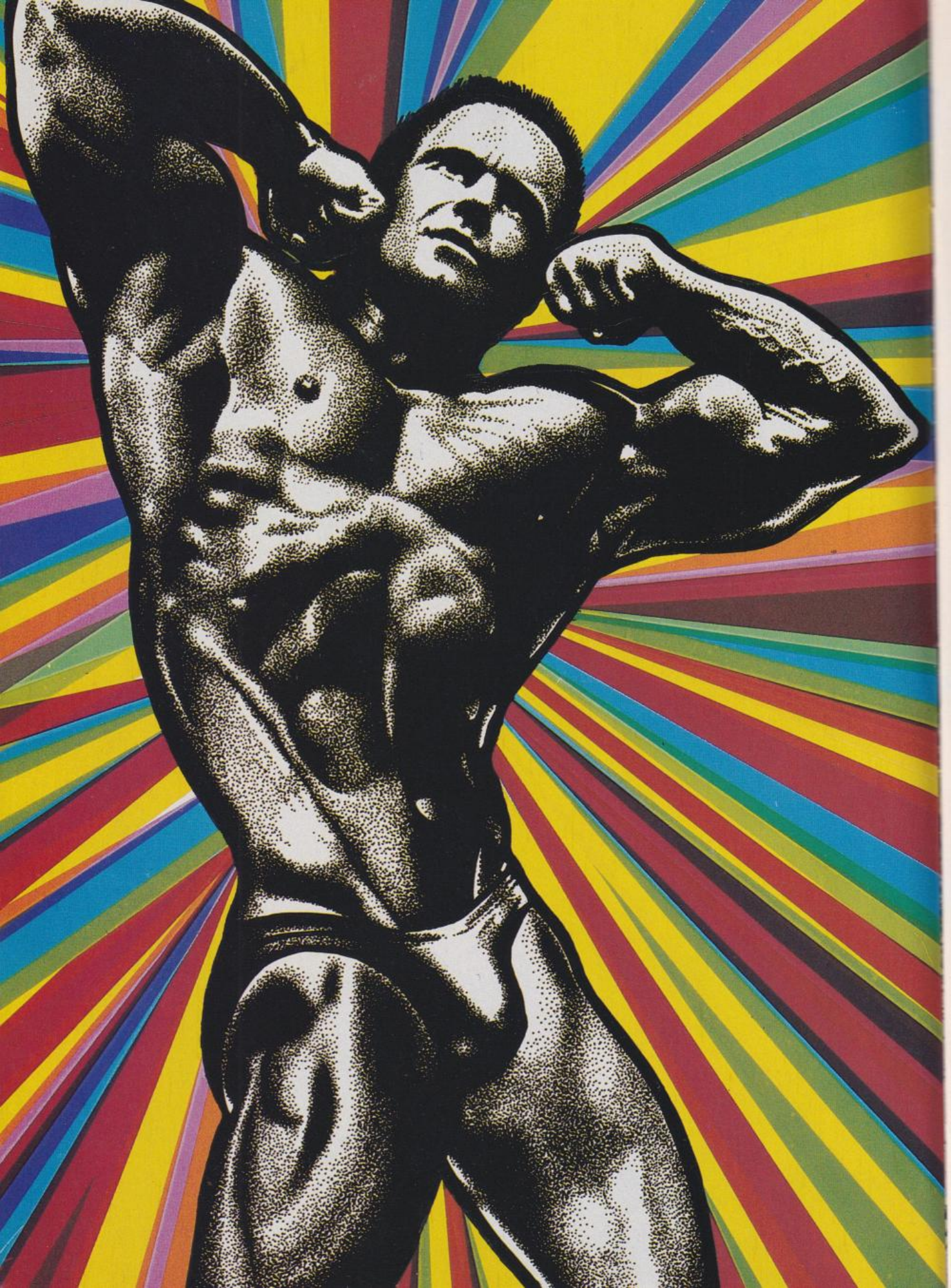
He's all warmed up.

Section photographed by Kristen Bjorn

Sweat!
But he needs you to stoke his flames.


Sweat!
So grab your poker and get busy.





WORKING OUT

BY DAVID MAY • ART BY ALEXANDER

Have you ever watched men working out? Have you watched their faces turn red with the effort of reaching their peak, their lips stretched open as if they are screaming? It is like watching them come. . .

Have you ever watched men working out, watched their faces turn red with the effort of reaching their peak, their lips stretch open as if they're screaming? It's like watching them come.

The gym itself is erotic to me, and I get turned on by seeing guys pumping their bodies and working up a good sweat. I like the smell of the gym, the mix of fresh sweat and stale sweat and the plain soap that gyms put in showers because it's cheap. I even like the blare of the lousy disco music they play to keep up the energy level.

I'm generally considered pretty good-looking. My skin is dark olive. I have very brown eyes, black curly hair, a thick moustache. I've never grown a beard, but by mid-day it always looks like I am, no matter how close I shave. I'm pretty hairy, too—soft curly hairs on my chest, torso, and forearms. The same hair covers my legs but stops just short of my ass, making it look even whiter, smaller, and tighter than it is. Sometimes I shave the hair off my body to get a better look at how I'm doing with my workouts. This gets me hot; it's like I've got a whole new body to fuck in.

Working out makes me two things: hungry and horny, not necessarily in that order. I leave the gym with my stomach growling, my muscles aching, and a cock that's half hard and begging to be stroked.

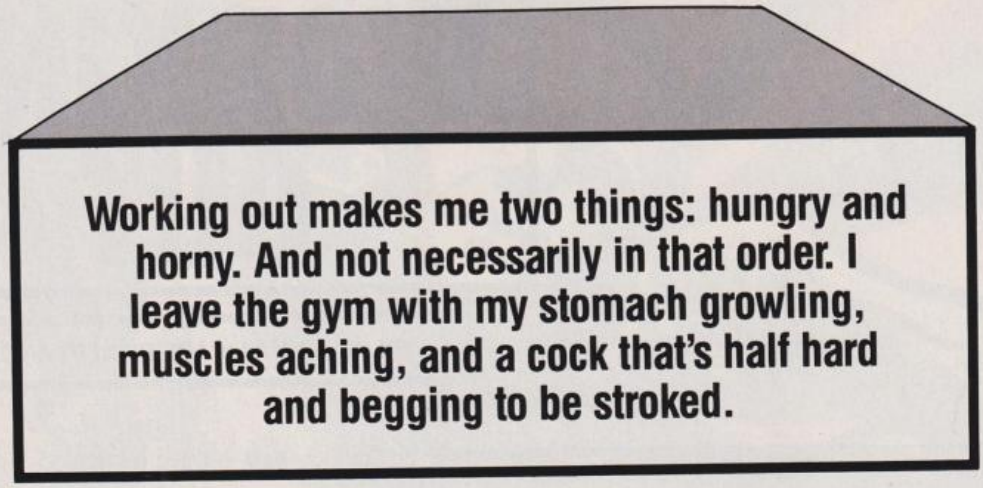
It starts while I'm stretching and getting a feel for the way my muscles are growing. Then I do my leg lifts and my butt work. By the time I'm on the bench press, my dick-head is beginning to swell. Sometimes it gets so bad I have to jerk off in the sauna—which is usually okay since a lot of other guys need to let off steam after their workouts, too.

If it's a really nice day, I like to walk home in my gym clothes. I get off on seeing other guys in their shorts, tank tops, sneakers, and sweat socks, so I go out looking for them dressed the same way as me. Sometimes I wear the same sweaty jock for days, until I find the right muscled guy to chew on it. Guys into the jock are like guys into leather: we dress the same way, get off on the same things, and can always find each other on the street.

The best place to get it off with another bodybuilder is at the gym. That's what we talk about when we get together. That's what we *do* when we get the chance.

* * *

It was the height of one of San Francisco's rare heat waves. It seemed to go on forever—over a week at that point—and



the locals could hardly move by the end of the day, let alone get themselves to the gym. But I went because it's my religion.

I waited until after eight o'clock so it would be cooler. When I got there, it was nearly empty; only two other men were working out. One of them was a guy I'd known for a while. We nodded to each other as he finished his reps and I started mine. I don't talk much when I work out because I like to concentrate on what I'm doing, to get the most out of it.

I didn't really notice the other guy until I was resting on the incline bench between butterflies. The sweat was pouring down my face in spite of the headband, and my shirt and shorts were sticking to my skin. I licked the sweat off of my lips and started another set. He stepped in front of me right then and just watched me. I couldn't take my eyes off of him.

He was a big guy, six-two to my five-ten, and made entirely of muscle. His skin was that taut, smooth, golden color you only find on Scandinavians. His hair and beard were a sort of ash blond, and light-blond down covered his massive chest and forearms. I could see a good part of his upper body because he was wearing a T-shirt he'd torn the sleeves and neck off of, leaving only a loose-fitting rag that hung off his shoulders and exposed more than it covered. His legs were as tanned as the rest of him, long and thick, and covered with the same blond down as his chest. His gym trunks were minimal and hiked up a little by his weight belt, exposing sturdy, hard-muscled thighs and a substantial basket.

I finished my set and nodded to him as I wiped my face off with a towel.

"How you doing?" he asked.

"Okay, I guess." I would've gotten up, but he was standing right in front of the incline bench. I tried to keep my cool.

"Looks like you're getting a good workout."

"Working up a sweat—that's for sure."

"Looks good on you."

"Thanks. You're doing all right yourself." I pointed to a damp patch in his shorts, just above the crotch, where the rivers of perspiration running down his body had met.

He rubbed his hands over the beads of moisture glistening on his beautiful golden skin, then took a couple of steps towards me, which brought his crotch just above my abdomen. I looked at the bulge moving under his shorts, then glanced up at his face.

"Maybe you'd like to lick it off for me," he said.

My mouth went dry. I couldn't say a word either to protest or to agree.

He grabbed my head and rubbed my face into the damp salty ridges of his abdomen. "Come on, baby, lick the sweat off my body."

I obeyed. He was too much to resist, even if I'd wanted to; he was bigger than me and unquestionably stronger. His sweat had the clean taste that a healthy man's sweat always has—no chemicals, no tobacco, and no booze stinking up his pores, just beautiful, fresh meat.

He pulled his rag of a shirt off, and I moved my mouth up from his navel to his massive tits. I'm always a sucker for a good set of pecs. I locked my mouth on one nipple, then the other. As I licked off the sweet, salty sweat, in his excitement he perspired even more. His body was a mass of trembling muscles; his legs shook like a newborn colt's.

Suddenly, as if he couldn't stand it anymore, he lifted me up from the incline bench and kissed me. Our lips met and we lapped at each other's tongues. Next thing I knew, he was carrying me in his arms—and I'm no light-weight. He put me down on the bench press and started tearing my clothes off of me. When he had me down to my jock and sweat socks, he started lapping at the sweat around and under my pouch. Then he started chewing on the strap. My cock, already hard, stood at attention. Soon he was sucking on my big hairy balls and my swollen cock through the sweaty jockstrap.

Forgetting that someone might hear us downstairs at the front desk, I let myself groan loudly. I grabbed his tits—big, hard mothers covered with that soft golden hair. I held onto them and pulled his body up onto mine until his crotch was near enough for me to get my hands on it. I pulled his shorts down to his knees and stared at the monster swelling inside his ratty jockstrap. I could see almost all of it through tears in the webbed material, and the mammoth head protruded over the wide elastic waistband. I grabbed his hips and rubbed his raunchy crotch in my face.

He ground his groin against me, his cock swelling even larger as I chewed on the smelly material just barely confining the bull-sized cock and balls. I made love to the jockstrap, licked and chewed on it until it was dripping with my spit. Pre-cum oozed from the dickhead and over the waistband. I lapped up the sweet, salty fluid and began to tongue the dickhead, then the

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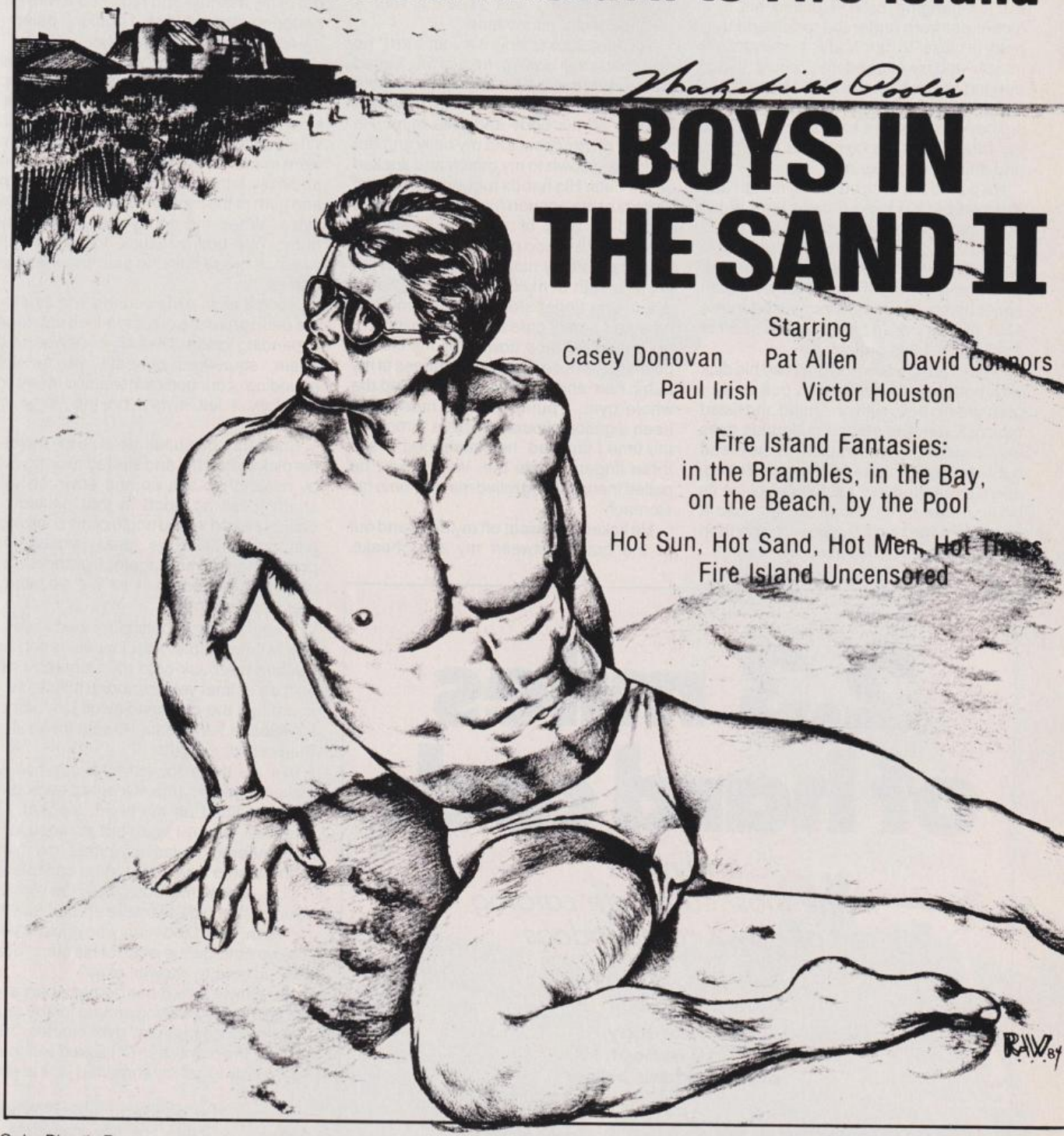

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piss slit. His body thrashed on top of my face as he tried to get more of his dick in my mouth. I grabbed the torn pouch with both hands and tore it off of him, freeing his low-hanging balls. I pulled his ten-incher out from under the waistband that held it close to his body. I opened my mouth and swallowed the whole thing, burying my nose in the blond bush of his pubic hair. He held onto the barbell suspended over the bench and pumped my throat until his cockhead expanded and started to choke me.

He pulled his cock out of my mouth and stepped back. I looked up at him, at his huge cock glistening with my spit. I could see the head pulsing, ready to explode as he held it tight at the base to keep himself from coming. For a moment we were both speechless. His face was twisted into a knot, like he was in pain from the effort of holding back his orgasm.

When I jumped up and grabbed his dick with both hands, he tried to pull away. I grabbed his balls with one hand and fisted his cock with the other. I pulled his balls and jerked him until he stuck his dickhead between my lips. It was already pulsating, and it expanded to what felt like twice its original size in my mouth. There was a pause of a fraction of a second, and then an explosion of cum filled my mouth. I swallowed several times before he was finished, then sucked the piss slit dry, savoring the taste of his sweet, milky cum.

He stepped back. I let him go and looked up from where I was kneeling with a satisfied smirk on my face.

"All right, fucker, now it's your turn," he said, then knelt down in front of me, kissed me, and threw me on the floor. He tore away my jockstrap with his teeth, the sweat running off his body and onto mine. He licked it off my chest and my belly and ran his tongue down to my crotch and sucked on my nuts. His hands tugged at my erect nipples as he opened his mouth wide and sucked in both of my balls. I almost screamed, it felt so good. Then he pulled his mouth off my nuts and swallowed the entire length of my dick. As he sucked it down, one finger slowly entered my butt hole and gently caressed my prostate.

I pulled his face down into my crotch, pushing his nose into the dampness of my pubic hair, and let out a yell that filled the whole gym. I pumped what must have been a gallon of cum down his throat. By the time I finished, he'd managed to slip three fingers inside me. Very slowly, he pulled them out and rolled me over onto my stomach.

He licked the sweat off my buns and out of the crack between my ass cheeks. Before I knew it, his tongue was in my hole, lubricating it with his spit. There was no strength left in me to do anything but relax and breathe deep as he pulled his tongue out of my asshole and replaced it with his battering ram of a dick. I couldn't believe it was hard again so quickly.

He pushed into my hole, stretching me open and slowly shifting his weight on top of me. Getting fucked by a dick that big is kind of like working out: it hurts so good. When all ten motherfucking inches of him were in me, he started pumping real slow and easy, letting me get used to the length and girth of the monster rearranging my insides. When his pelvis ground into my buns, our bodies stuck together with sweat. It made sucking sounds when we parted.

I took it all in—the sounds, the smells, the deep pressure of his ten-inch sausage expanding inside of me. My cock was hard again, squashed beneath me as the pounding of our bodies increased in tempo and fury. I felt myself on the verge of coming.

Suddenly, he pulled me onto my knees, his dick still in me, and started fucking me by moving my ass up and down on the shaft. It felt so good in that position I couldn't stand it. The angle of his cock was just right; the huge head stroked my prostate again and again. I grabbed my cock and pulled on it as his pounding reached its climax.

Then I came, shooting my load several feet in front of me. And just as I shot, he pushed me back onto my stomach and, with an animal yell, exploded inside me. I could feel the dickhead swell just before his release, feel the sperm splatter against the walls of my guts.

We lay there for a while, our bodies locked together, until we heard someone cough. I lifted up my head, startled. I'd forgotten where I was, but as soon as I remembered I was sure that my gym membership was about to be canceled.

"Uh, excuse me, boss," said the gym instructor, "should I just close up like usual?"

"Yeah," said the man who'd just given me two outrageous loads of his cum. "Just give us time to shower, okay?"

We slowly pulled our bodies apart and got up. I started looking around for the rags that had once been my gym clothes. "So you run the place, huh?" I asked as I tried hopelessly to get my shredded jock to stay on.

"I own the goddamn place. Which makes me liable for any damages a member might incur. I owe you a new jock."

"That's not all you owe me," I said, swatting his ass.

He rubbed his buns and winked. "Deal." ■

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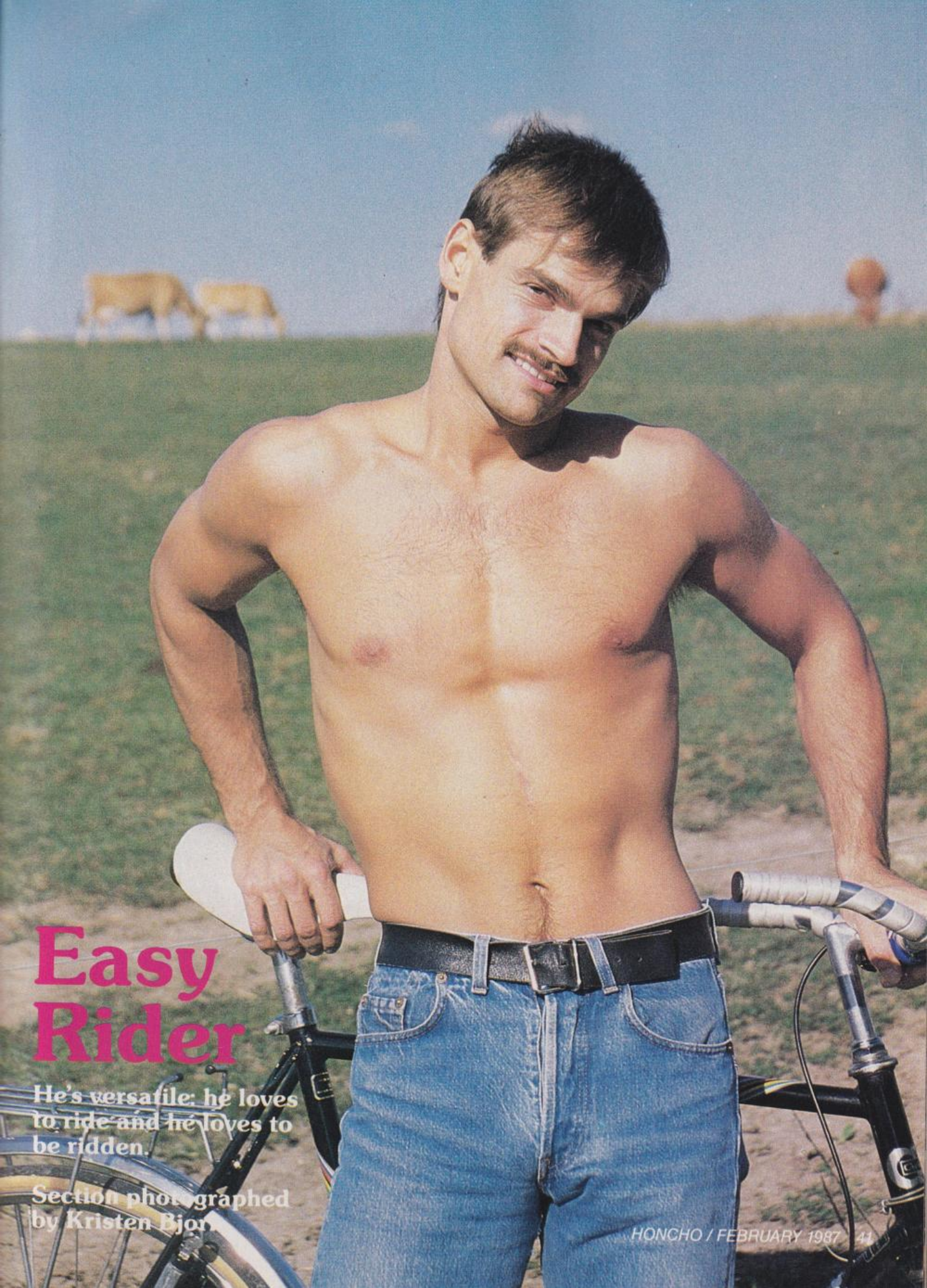

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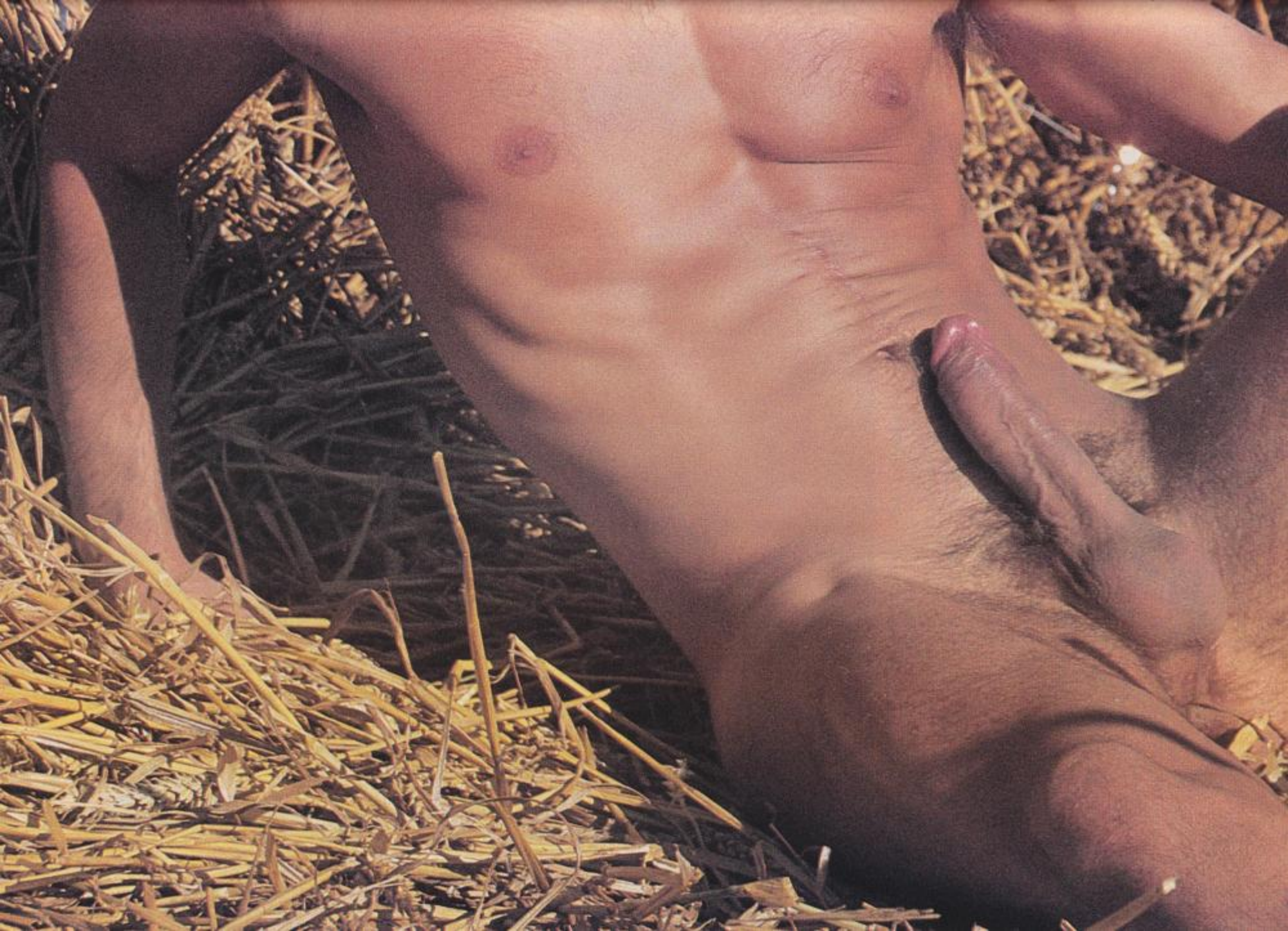


A Man's Castle

BY PUG SNIDER • ART BY R. LAETON

My elegant lover knows he looks good in just a jockstrap. When we're alone—or with easygoing friends—he'll strut around as relaxed and unconcerned as if he were in his usual three-piece job. Next to his blue eyes, Bradley's best feature is his ass, and he knows it. I guess nudity comes naturally when you've been raised among three brothers, enjoyed four years of fraternity house intimacy, and rubbed naked shoulders with fellow golfers after a good 18 holes as Westmont.

Compared to Brad, I'm small. But, as he constantly assures me, it's neatness—not size—that counts. And I think the guy's envious that I stay trim without exercise or diet. My nose is busted flat, but it's nothing so romantic as a ring career, only that a kid in seventh grade nearly beat the shit out of me. Brad says he likes it—my nose—and that it adds a certain distinction to a very ordinary face. (Most of his compliments are left-handed.)

Back to this nude business: No prude myself, and with no visible deformities, I still prefer a short terry robe or my cotton briefs—company or no company. Brad permits me my "uncouth modesty" because he has a thing about a stiff dick straining against tight underwear. Though

Brad knows I'm a medium, he says, "Buy smalls."

We were sitting around one morning, each in his respective disarray, looking at each other and suddenly wondering what in hell had induced us to leave Chicago and settle in this remote bit of Grant Wood territory. The house was a charmer, sitting on slightly more than an acre between two pretty rivers. Most of the money had been Brad's, so I tried to keep my mouth shut. But after two days, even Brad had come to the realization that we were stranded nearly 200 fucking redneck miles from all that we had known. Chicago had been home to both of us all our lives, the last ten years of which we had shared.

Now we found ourselves—a gay couple kerplunk in the heart of Straightville. We had been lured by an ad in the Roomies and Realty section of the *Advocate*. It described something Brad and I had dreamed about: "Intimite bar in attractive midwest town. Sacrifice. Owners must sell." We decided, sight unseen, that this was for us. We were tired of our jobs and over-priced apartment living. Within 48 hours we were negotiating.

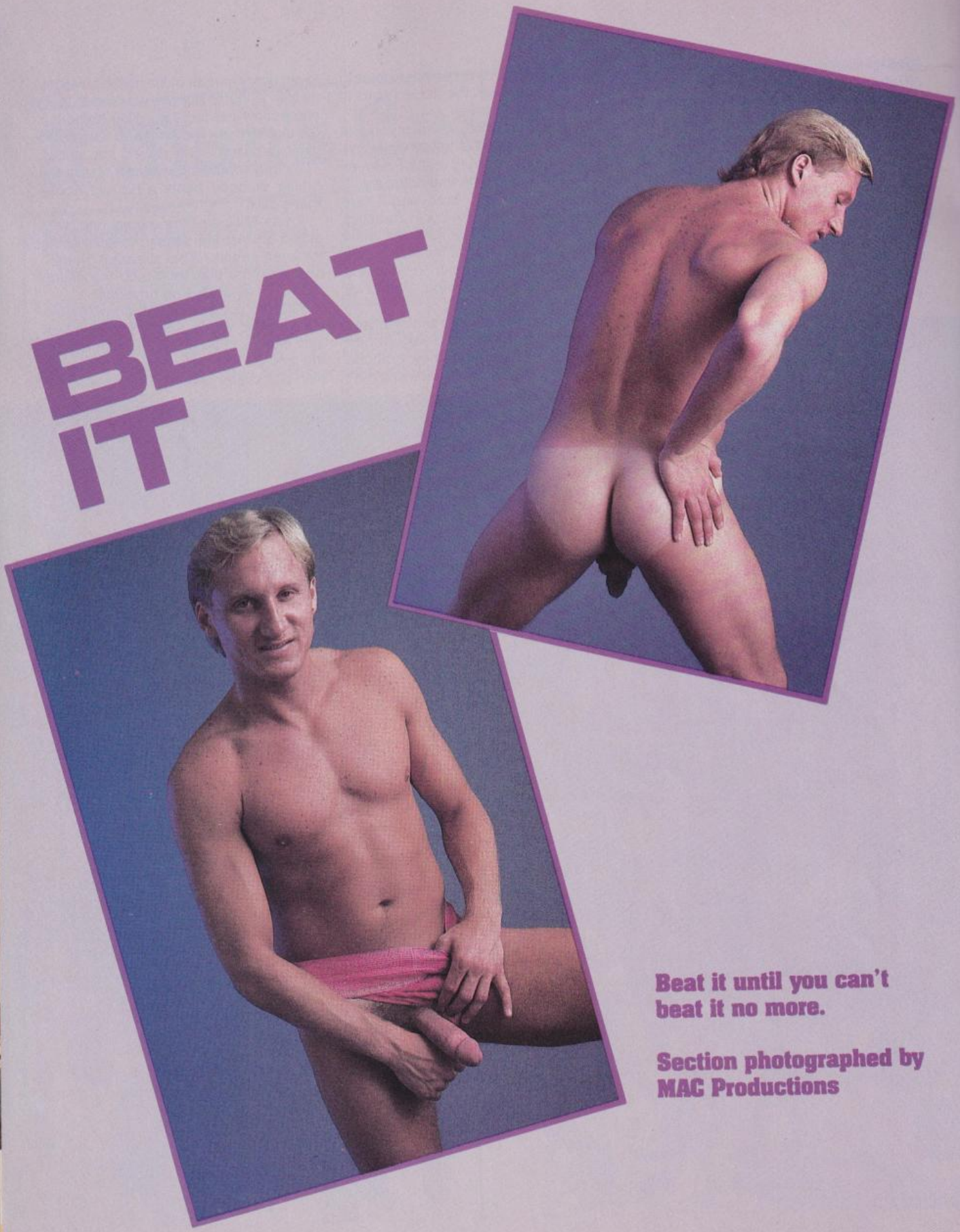
The owners, two stalwart senior citizen ladies, were so frantic to clear out and relocate in Arizona that they grabbed Brad's very first offer. "Not that we haven't loved every minute of life in this sweet little village, but at our age we have to think about snow and ice." It was Miss Katherine, the larger of the two, who had taken care of the paperwork. She sighed, and added, "The only remaining obstacle now is the house. Nobody wants a big old house these days."

It was Millicent, the mousy one, who asked us, "Are you boys putting up at the Halloran House? That dreadful brothel, and now that they've closed the dining room, not even serving breakfast."

Millicent glanced at Katherine. Something clicked. We were invited to their place for a pick-up supper that first evening. By the time we had gotten through the deep-dish blackberry cobbler, Brad was under

Continued to page 58

BEAT IT



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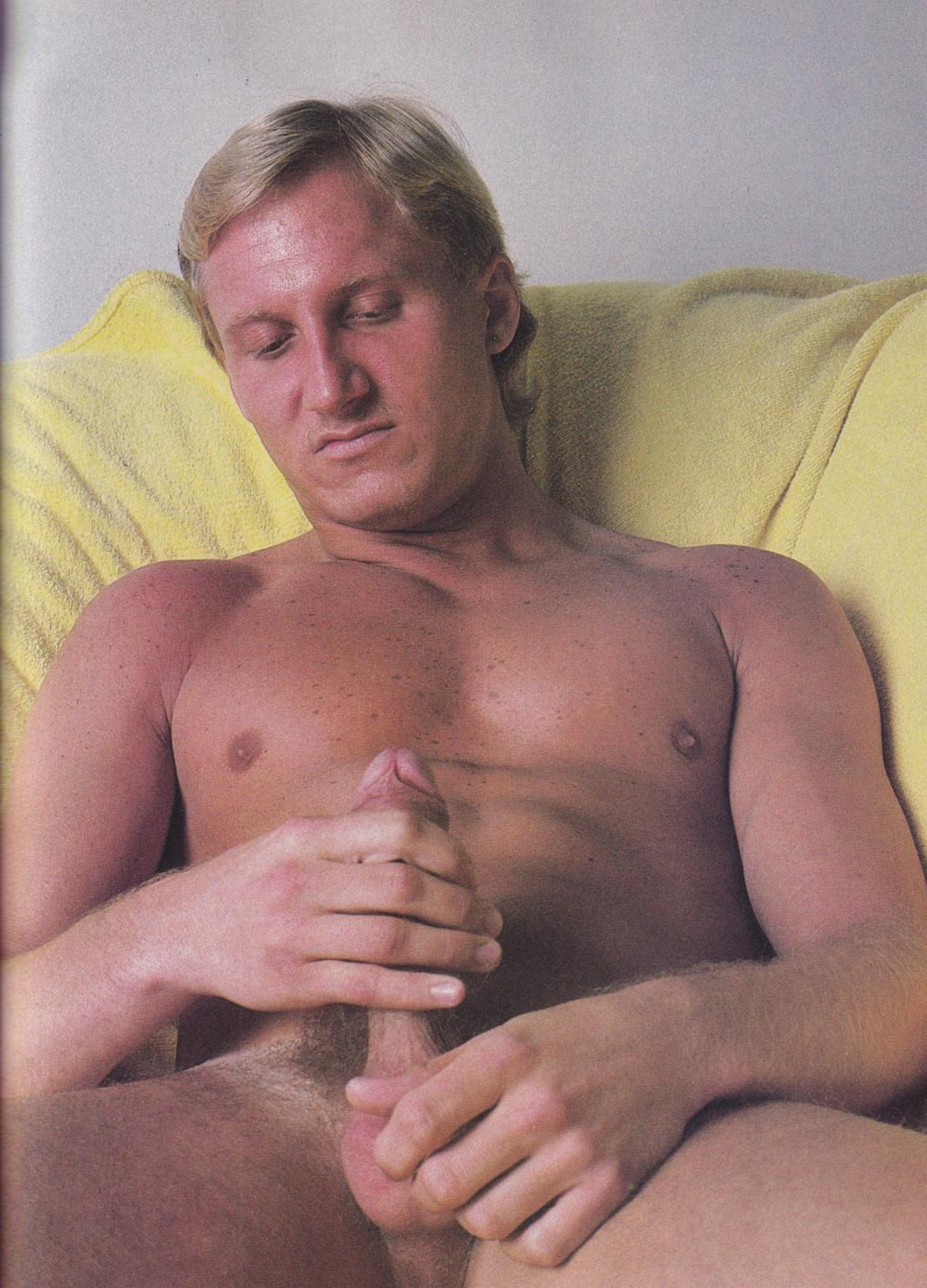

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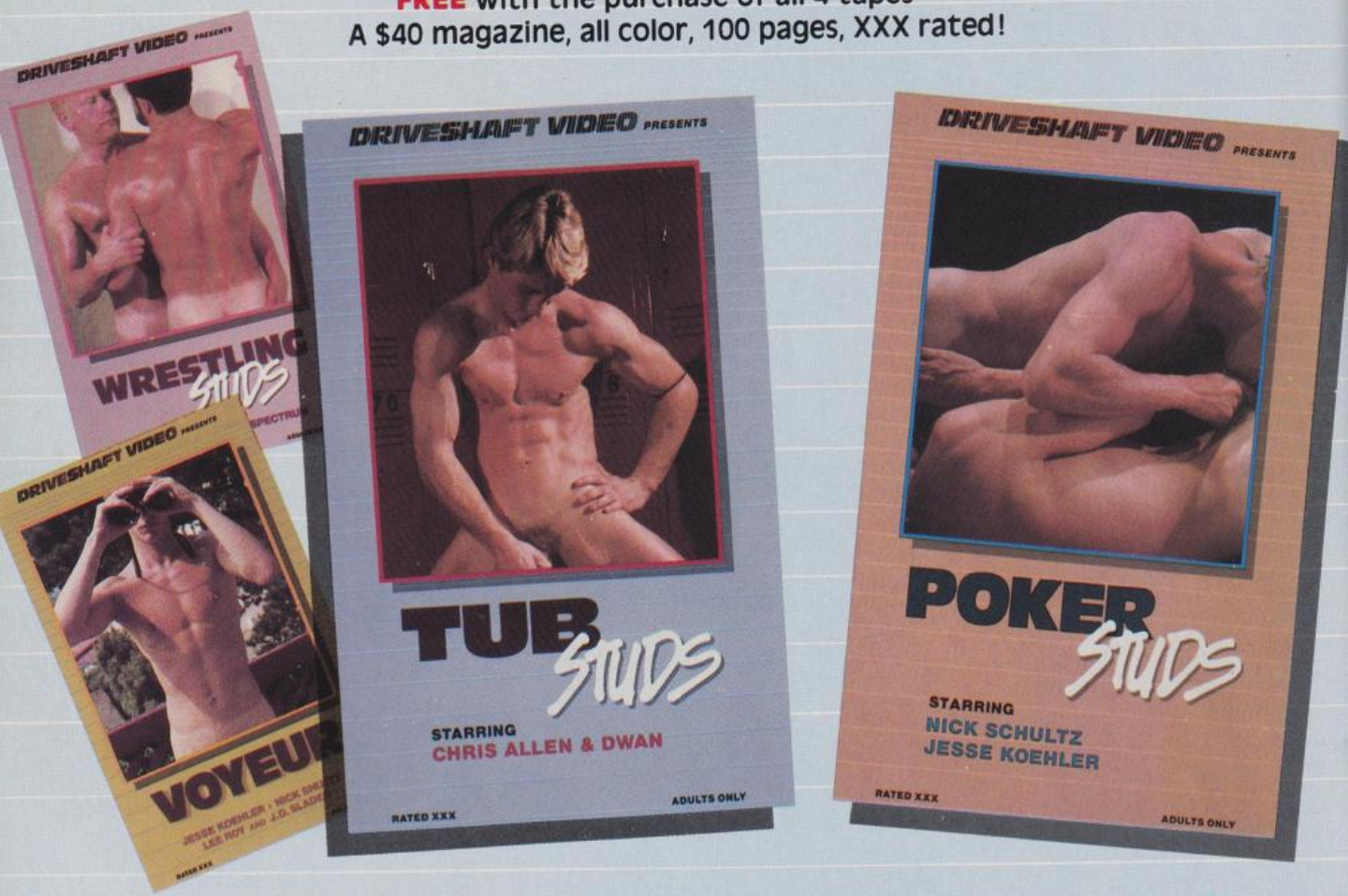

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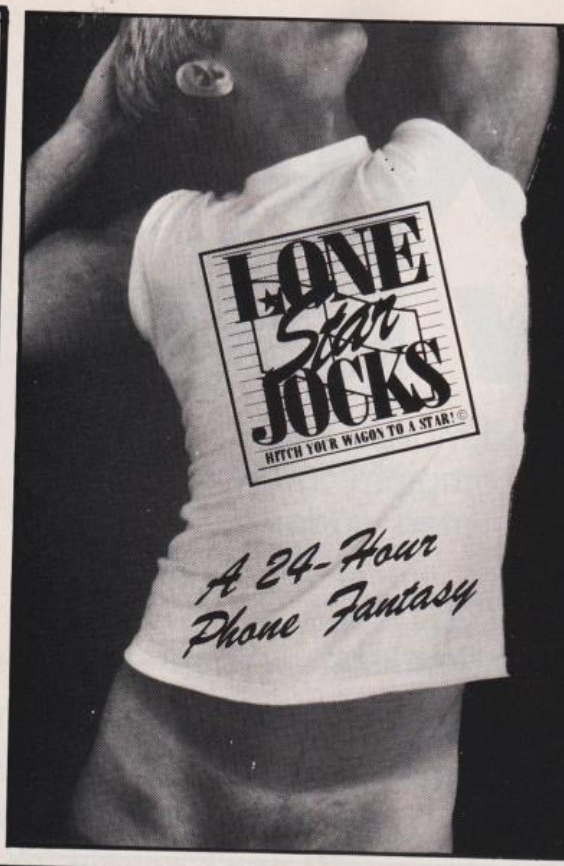

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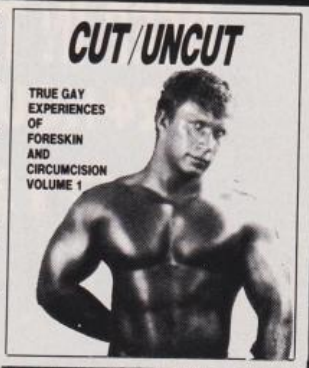

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A MAN'S CASTLE

Continued from page 51

a spell. One look at the detailed mouldings and the functioning fireplaces, and my impulsive partner sealed our fate. "Consider yourselves free and clear and on your way to Scottsdale and sunshine. This beats the Halloran House," and he made the old girls a ridiculously low offer. Millicent glanced at Katherine. Katherine glanced around the large drafty dining room, at the steep stairs, and out toward the snowy backyard. Within moments, we were committed to the bar *and* the baronial manor.

In what seemed like no time at all, a huge van removed all their treasures. That same afternoon, with Miss Katherine at the wheel, the dear old dolls pulled out of their driveway in their well-kept 1969 Buick sedan. Their last four hours in town—and I think it was very fair of them—they spent at the bar giving us a thorough briefing. Over the stiffest old-fashioneds we had ever tasted, Katherine—with an occasional item from Millicent—gave us some sound advice on running a bar like The Castle. As novices, we listened attentively.

Without ever divulging their own status, these two bosom-buddies of Northwestern's class of '32 never once hinted that Brad's and my relationship was anything other than a strictly business partnership. "You boys stand to make a pot of money so long as you serve a decent drink, keep up enough heat in the winter months, and tactfully screen out the bums." And as a final hint, Miss Katherine added, "And see that you treat His Honor the Mayor, Long Dick Long, with kid gloves." She tossed off the nickname with a perfectly straight face as she finished her old fashioned and made her way out to the gleaming old Buick. Millicent tarried a brief moment, banged a last No Sale on the old cash register, and added her own last tip: "Long Dick can be a bit of a problem—especially on Friday nights—but you boys treat him right and he'll give you no trouble."

City hall was directly across the street and at least a dozen city fathers and a couple of policemen came over to say goodbye and wave them off. As Brad and I retreated into our property, we sort of wondered which of those imposing-looking gentlemen was the mayor who needed special handling. So far we had really met no one outside the realtor, the desk clerk at the hotel, young Kevin who presided over the bar on busy nights, and the muscular stud who pumped gas at the Shell station half-way between the bar and our newly-acquired mansion. If you are

thinking that either one of us was turned on by bartender Kevin or by the Shell stud, you couldn't be more wrong. Truth is, it was the realtor that caught *my* eye, whereas Brad's taste had leaned toward the desk clerk. Both were possibly older than Brad or I, and each was completely different from the other. That is one big reason why Brad and I get along so well: our fantasy objects, in regard to face types, body builds, and personalities, are at opposite ends of the male spectrum. Brad and I are opposites. We never look at the same man.

I take that back. There was *one* time. There was a guy who helped us set up our booth at the trade show in the Merchandise Mart in Chicago. It was a bitching hot day in August. The entire air-conditioning system was on the fritz. This man was an average looker, average build, with an offbeat personality highlighted by a musical accent that told you he was from Sweden. We were carrying, for the first time, an expensive new line of wood stuff from Stockholm. This guy had designed most of it himself and he was anxious to have it shown off to best advantage. He worked like a son-of-a-bitch and I was quick enough to notice that Brad was as eager to pitch in as I was. Brad, always ready to show everything off, dispensed with shirt and tie and T-shirt. The heat was unbearable and the deadline was 10 a.m., so I followed suit, encouraging our Swedish dish to do likewise. He did. And what was revealed—broad shoulders, rippling back muscles, hard tight pecs, and a deep chest laced with blond hair that ran down his belly and disappeared somewhere below his low-slung beltline—proved that you can't always go by face alone.

A true artist and proud craftsman, Swede was so preoccupied with the disposition of his various pieces that he was not aware of the double conquest he was making. Rare for us, that certain gut feeling was hitting Brad and me at the same time, for the same man. Never before had we agreed on what constituted a perfect "10." Invariably, whenever one of us would say, "Half an hour with that wouldn't be too hard to take," the other one would shake his head in disbelief and say, "You gotta be out of your cotton-pickin' mind." It is a damn good thing for both of us that the trade show kept us working night and day and that Swede got called back to Stockholm and out of our lustful daydreams.

Meanwhile, back at The Castle. . .

We took the girls' advice and did not try to open till after the first of the year. Snow broke all records. People were busy with shopping, the holidays, and family. We occupied ourselves with a complete inventory of the cellar's stock, with adding a comfortable leather flange to the customer side of the long bar, resurfacing the pool table, and replacing two old urinals, which could best be described as "quaint," with a six-foot stainless steel trough. Not only was it more sanitary, it was decidedly cozier and friendlier.

Along with the bar's original name, we retained the classic cash register and Kevin, the slack-jawed, underprivileged young bartender with the over-privileged basket. Miss Katherine's word on him had been, "Overlook Kevin's occasional dip into the till. The lad has a following that more than pays for his light-fingered lapses." Brad was for sacking the lout—fetching basket or no—but I prevailed upon him to abide by Miss Katherine's voice of experience. The old gal's sharp eyes had observed that her bartender's heavy load packed enough of a wallop to keep the crowd buying. He was definitely not Brad's cup of Lipton's. Nor was he mine. But we both had to admit that he worked his little tail off helping us get ready for opening; plus, he was a mine of information on the locals. After a few days of working with him, I found myself watching his over-stuffed denims and wondering if that hard-on ever stopped. I like to think it was the kid's slight stammer that drew me to him. I was standing at the new stainless steel trough, using it for the first time, when he came in, stood beside me, and peed with the power of one of Anheuser-Busch's Clydesdale horses.

"You guys *are* keeping me on, aren't you?" he almost begged.

"Sure," I said.

It's funny, but whenever Brad and I are both attracted to the same guy, we immediately sense it in each other, and we freeze up—probably because we recognize a competition that could wreck our very satisfactory partnership. That's why, that day the gang from city hall gathered around the girls' car, neither Brad nor I so much as mentioned the one figure that stood out among the well-wishers. He had the kind of face that launches a thousand ships, or sinks them. Without so much as coat or hat—in spite of the freezing cold—this man had rushed down the steps of city hall and kissed the stately Miss Katherine and the shy little Millicent, chiding them for deserting their friends for the easy desert life of the southwest. The man oozed charm and authority, and we were not surprised when later Kevin inquired in an offhand manner, "What did you guys think of our mayor?" Kevin's expression and the hand brushing his ever-ready crotch indicated that *he* thought very highly of Richard Long.

When my lover and I bought the bar, the former owner gave us a word of advice: "See that you treat His Honor the Mayor Long Dick Long with kid gloves. Long Dick can be a bit of a problem—especially on Friday nights. But you boys treat him right and he'll give you no trouble."

Neither Brad nor I really gave Kevin a direct answer, but I knew that each of us was recalling the former owners' warning that Mayor Long could be "trouble." I am sure we both recalled the prediction about "Friday nights," and if such was the case, we could hardly wait to see what the mayor had in store for The Castle's new owners. Whatever it was, I was ready to handle it—to hell with the kid gloves Miss Katherine recommended—and my sixth sense told me Brad was ready to handle it, too. This was a job to tackle bare-handed—bare everything.

We had perhaps made a mistake in treating young Kevin as part of management rather than as hired help. In spite of his tendency to stammer, he was gabby and a little too much on the fresh side. After a day or two, when it became quite clear that we were not outwardly impressed by his generous endowment, he made no further effort to close the proper employer-employee gap. Although Kevin never was very formal with me (hardly anybody ever is), he came around very quickly to addressing Brad as Mr. Bradley. That's the way Brad likes things. The Castle was his baby—every last fucking cent almost—so actually it was good that where business was concerned, he never let his own sizable cock rule his pretty head.

As if to compensate for his subordinate status, street-wise Kevin, older than his years, extended himself in various little ways. He worked side by side with Brad and me, scrubbing, scraping, painting, and readying the joint, and he seldom stopped his chatter. Our unspoken interest in the sexy mayor was whetted by the little tidbits Kevin tossed off. "You might say Mayor Long is my *best* customer," he'd say, in a way that suggested bedroom intimacy and an after-hours relationship of long standing. "He's got a cottage down on the river. . ." We were supposed to get the idea that the mayor and Kevin shared tender moments there. Then he'd inform us, "Dick's married. Three kids. And Edna's expecting a fourth. Bitch!" He let this sink in. Actually, however, we preferred to think of His Honor as a family man—"bi" maybe, but not as a mere cocksman captivated by the likes of a retarded walking hard-on such as our light-fingered, tight-assed young barkeep. As if to twist the knife, Kevin peeled off his sweaty T-shirt, slipped out of his grimy jeans, and headed for the basement shower. Before he reached the narrow stairway, he turned full-front to make sure Brad and I got the full picture. He scratched his low-hanging balls, then stretched his arms to achieve maximum chest expansion. "I made sure there's plenty of hot water, Mr. Bradley, but I guess you'll want to shower at home?" The little snot didn't even bother to ask if *I* might not want a quick shower right there. Then he disappeared, and for ten minutes we heard the pounding of water and Kevin warbling about "Truckstop on 74."

I could go on and on about the weeks before we opened. It was mostly hard work, a few plumbing problems, and more than a few glimpses of the mayor arriving and departing in his little red Audi. What was it about the man that impressed both Brad and me? Maybe it was authority. Maybe it was the married bit, the fact that he was possibly unattainable, in spite of Kevin's sly implications. Maybe it was that look of a farm boy who has made good, a novelty after the slick city types Brad and I had experienced. Or his walk—both of us set great store by walks.

As I say, there was plenty of plain hard work, added to by the fact that our furniture had arrived from Chicago. Between the bar and the house, there was a dry spell in the sex department—both of the home variety and the cruisy stuff. But Bradley Bates was one up on me. The lucky bastard reported one morning that, while I was busy checking the Budweiser, he had actually met and spoken to His Honor the Mayor. At the post office. And the sexy six-foot-four hunk had promised to be on hand for a ribbon-cutting ceremony and all the trimmings on opening night.

"How did he look close up?" I asked as casually as I could manage.

"Not bad," Brad offered, too offhandedly, and I could guess what hopes he had about what the "trimmings" might turn into. His place or ours? The cottage on the river, leeringly announced by Kevin, or our mansion up the road? When my Brad says, "Not bad," what he really means is damn fucking gorgeous.

The big day arrived. Mercifully, we were ready. As raw novices in a very tricky operation, we had a slight feeling of stagefright as eight p.m. approached. The only cool one was Kevin. The smarmy little queen, too big for his britches, had had to be put in his place more than once. From the very beginning, when his attempts to fraternize were squashed and we enforced the idea that Brad and I were a solid couple, he clearly resented his big-city bosses and the "straight" front we presented. Me, especially. With Brad he was slightly less surly and, on more than one evening, had pleaded no transportation and inveigled a ride home. Was I jealous? No. But when Brad returned, I *had* to ask, "Did our boy come on to you?" to which Brad replied, "It was like Prom Night. Only it was *me* who was the Prom Queen. The kid was at my crotch and then pouted because I wouldn't come in and see how cute he had fixed up his new pad." I cite this instance because it is in such contrast to Brad's careful silence when such a situation involves someone he is attracted to. Like the afternoon the mayor had peeked in. He got a preview tour that included the cellar, Brad leading the way. I was over at the gas company and would never have heard a word about this visit, had Kevin not been delighted to fill me in. I was hoping Brad would go into details, but all he said was, "Seems like a pretty nice sort, the mayor." See what I mean? Pretty nice sort, my ass! The man was a vote-getter, a cross between *Field and Stream* and *G.Q.*, and I knew that he had Brad's vote as well as my own.

Polilticians, great actresses, the clergy, and dogs in heat rise to the occasion like no other creatures on earth. In seconds, His Honor emerged without trousers. The crowd loved it. An attorney shouted, "Take it off, Dick. Show us how you got the title. . .!"

By one minute to eight, early drinkers, neighboring merchants, three policemen, the *Bulletin*'s photographer, and an assortment of the curious were crowded at our front door, barred by the broad red ribbon. At eight on the dot, the mob parted as the mayor stood poised with over-size shears (cardboard, created by Kevin). Lights flashed and there were pictures and more pictures. The mayor had already met Brad, so Brad made a point of introducing me to His Honor. The handclasp was extra warm and friendly. Then he wrapped one big arm around the two of us, and with his right hand still clutching the giant blades, the trio looked like the prepping before a dou-

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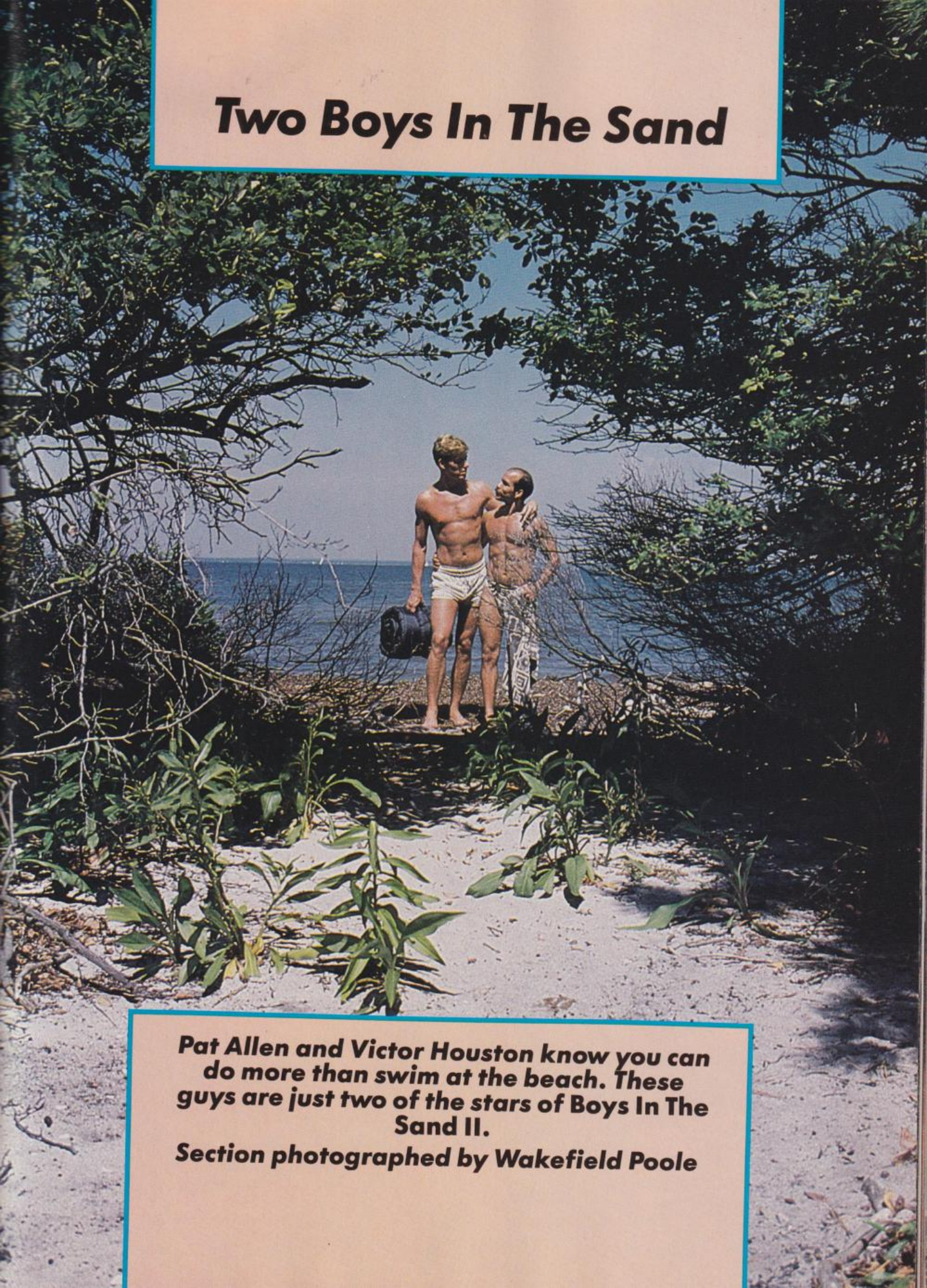
Two Boys In The Sand



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THE TOTAL BLACK EXPERIENCE

BY BILL ELROY • ART BY EDDIE CERVONE

Office problems, condo deal falling through, old lover running up a ton of bills on my credit card—it had been one of those weeks you wish you could skip. Now it was Friday, six o'clock, and here I was in Prospect Park, soaked to the skin from a driving rainstorm, sitting in a car with a guy I hoped would help me cut loose from all that ailed me, at least for a couple of hours.

The blast of the heater felt good, drying my soaked khakis and socks a little and relaxing me a lot. I settled back into the seat and kicked off my wet loafers.

"You can put that seat back. There's a latch on the side," said the powerful guy behind the wheel of the Toyota.

He was assessing me, and I was glad of the time I'd spent on the Nautilus machines; the thin cloth of my wet shirt and khakis seemed to cling in the right places. I was also glad I hadn't worn any underwear; my cock was clearly visible through my wet pants.

"Okay," I said, and fumbled for the release on the side of the seat. When I moved the handle, I found myself suddenly looking up at the ceiling of the car. The seat had flipped back with a vengeance.

We both laughed, which eased the moment and, for the first time, gave me the courage to hold onto his deep, dark eyes with mine. Man, he was hot. Tight, curly hair, deep mahogany skin, well-exercised pectorals pushing against his purple polo shirt, nipples hard underneath the flimsy cloth. He looked like one of the Chicago Bears, one of those humpy football jocks in that famous Super Bowl video. I settled into the seat and shifted my weight so I could see him better. He knew I liked what I was checking out.

He let his right hand slide up his clean-shaven, muscular leg. His thigh muscles bulged out of tight nylon jogging shorts. He flexed a bicep and pretended to scratch it with his other hand, then settled his hand briefly on his crotch. He knew he was flexing and performing for an appreciative audience. Looking hard into me, he said quietly and deliberately, "You ever been with a black man before?" Without waiting for an answer, he laughed and pushed his veined, muscular arm behind my neck and pulled me up. The seat popped up behind me. "I gotta get that thing fixed. You gotta admit, though, it beats them shit-eatin' openers you usually hear."

"That's for sure," I managed, as I drew in the musky smell of his sweat and aftershave. I wanted to stay right there in his embrace. I needed a little holding to ease away the shit from the past week. Besides, to be dominated by a hot black stud was one of my wildest fantasies. I must have jerked off to the Bears video 50 times, imagining myself totally engulfed in a pile-up of stripped-naked football jocks.

But meeting this guy tonight was pure chance. Cruising around the park in the rain, it was hard to see who anybody was. His white Toyota had stopped across from my car and and blinked its tail lights a couple of times, and I had bolted through the rain and hopped in, hoping for the best.

After a moment, he said slowly, while tightening his hold on me, "I don't think you ever made it with a black man. You in for a real treat." He laughed and eased back over onto his side of the car. With no fanfare, he pulled off his shirt, revealing his perfect pecs and rippling stomach. Smooth, hairless, rolling muscles ran from his neck to the tight dent of his navel and disappeared into the top of the nylon shorts. He sank back into the seat, and his thick cock pushed over his thigh.

A definite hardness began to press

against my wet pants as I stared in disbelief. We were in a car, in a public park, and here's this guy with practically nothing on. But I didn't let my nervousness distract me from my fantasy of him standing naked in the shower, running a steel blade over his body, cleaning off all that chest and stomach hair right down to the small patch of black that must surround his crotch. My fantasy got me really hard, and I knew he was looking at the bulge forcing its way down my pants leg.

"You like what you see now that I got your full attention?" He slid back toward me. "You ought to get out of some of them wet things." He ran his hand slowly down my shirt to where my cock was pushing against the wet cloth. He ran his finger around the outline of my dickhead.

I almost shot my load right there.

The rain beat harder on the car roof. The windows were covered with steam. An unfamiliar, sexy Sade song filled the small space. I relaxed and let the car seat fall back again. The strong black hand on my leg pressed harder and found my belt buckle.

"Whatever you want, I'm open to", I breathed out, "but I don't like it too much here in the park. Got any place we can go?"

I sensed that he thought I was putting him off. He pulled back and traced his hand over the finely-tuned muscles of his chest and stomach. Truth is I *don't* like action in a car, but then what the hell was I doing there?

"Ain't nobody around, nobody walking in this rain," he said slowly, easing himself over until he was only inches away from me. "Besides, I think you get too turned on just lookin' at me." The sly smile returned.

I reached up and touched his chest lightly. "Nice, really nice."

He flexed his pecs and big arms. I massaged his tits and got them standing out, rigid. He glistened in the cloudy twilight coming in through the steamed-up windows. My hand found the band of his shorts and pulled them down. And with a couple of quick, deft moves he was astraddle me, his fat cock swinging in front of my face. The smooth, shiny head peeked out of a thick fold of skin. My heart raced as I slid my hands down his back to cup his perfect ass cheeks. He lowered down onto me and pinned my shoulders to the seat.

"This what you want, white boy?" he asked, with a touch of unexpected meanness in his voice.

It surprised me, and it thrilled me. "Yeah, man," I breathed, trying to pull my shirt up. "Yeah, man, I want you to fuck me." I squirmed under him, trying to get my clothes off.

He swatted my arm. "I say you could do that, boy?" He dragged out "boy" and stared hard at me, his fat dick standing at full attention in front of him.

I began to understand. I settled back and stared into his shaved balls swinging in the smooth sac in front of my nose. I breathed deeply of his manly stink.

"Yes," I stammered, then added, almost reverently, "sir."

"I can't hear you, boy." Anger rang in his voice now. He slapped my face with his cock. His hard meat stung my cheek, once, twice.

"Yes, sir," I managed in a clear voice. *What the hell kind of scene am I getting into?* I wondered, *and here in a car in the park. What if the cops pull up, as they often do?* But instead of protesting, I opened my mouth and looked up into his lustrous brown eyes.

"That's better," he said more calmly, returning somewhat to his former self. "You see, if you be real respectful, you may get what you want. You understand?" He rubbed his rigid meat lightly against my lips, teasing me. "That good, boy, that real good," he said, as I flicked my tongue at his piss hole and gently pushed inward. He let me take his dickhead into my mouth; I was careful to let him do the leading. It tasted salty, good. I moved my mouth around slowly to feel the enormity of it against my teeth.

In words slow and musky with sex and dominance, he drawled, "I'm gonna fuck that tight, white ass of yours. Right here in the park. And you gonna love it."

"Yes, sir. With pleasure, sir," I managed, as he pulled his wet cock out of my throat. He eased his heavy balls to my lips. Hungrily, but without haste, I sucked first one, then the other into my mouth. I sucked and chomped at the smoothest nuts I'd had in a long while. He rubbed his pecker in my face and moaned with pleasure.

Eventually, he slid his mouth down to mine. His tongue, a good match for his cock, filled my mouth. I returned his passion, sucking on that slippery, darting thing just as I had done with his dick. I felt his hardness against me and moaned with pleasure. I felt my asshole twitch with anticipation of what I knew was inevitable now.

Throwing all caution to the wind—since I knew I might provoke him by trying to take the lead—I moved slightly under his weight and rubbed the bulge in the leg of my pants against his naked thigh. He felt it and pressed back, moving his hands up my neck to my face. He grabbed me around the ears and squeezed his mouth harder against mine. I thought he was going to crush my skull, but then he released his grip on my face and ran his fingers through my hair and around my cheeks. He held me gently and let his tongue find my eyes, my nose, and then my lips again. I opened my mouth slightly. This time, instead of his cock he pulled back and plunged a finger down my throat.

We were alone together in a parked car in the middle of Prospect Park. It was raining hard and the car was steaming. I feasted my eyes on the ebony stud beside me; he was my every fantasy come true. He looked at me and said, "Have you ever made it with a black man before? You in for a real treat. . .!"

"Suck it, white meat. I want to see how good you can work before I let you progress." He leaned into me and rubbed his massive, black prick against my neck, while his middle fingers reamed my sucking mouth.

He had a strong taste, a strong smell. I shut my eyes and thought about his hot dick down my throat, up my ass. Man, I wanted him. I wanted to please him. I wanted to be what he wanted. I sucked and rolled under his weight.

I had thought we were through, but was I ever wrong. Even my wildest fantasies had not prepared me for what was to come.

He knew what I was thinking. "Hell, we just getting started, boy. Now we get down to some *real* business." With a couple of quick rips, his massive hands stripped my shirt off; buttons popped, and threads flew. Before I could move, he grabbed the waist of my stained pants and ripped them down to my knees. "Tha's better. Now you can breathe," he laughed.

I was furious. "What the fuckin' hell are you doing!" I yelled. I tried to get up and salvage something of my clothes, but he pushed me down hard against the seat. This was getting a little too rough for me.

"Stay right there. I didn't say you could get up."

He slapped me across the face. My cheek burned with pain and rage.

"Damn you, let me out of here, you crazy fuckin' bastard!"

He pinned me down with his arm. "The hell I'm gonna let you out!" I could see that his massive dick was rigid and upright again; it swayed in front of him as he tackled me and held me down on the seat. To my dismay, I was getting turned on, too. His dark roughness on my pale, naked, sweaty body felt incredible. The fantasy of the Bears video flashed through my head—rough football muscle grinding me down.

He grabbed my cock in his fist. "You like this, don't you, you little fucker?" He pulled hard and squeezed a little pre-cum juice out of my piss hole, then slid his hand down my shaft. "Okay, now you gonna get just what you been beggin' for."

With a quick flip, difficult in the small space of the car, he turned me over, his hand still tight on my rock-hard prick. He spread-eagled me and proceeded to jam his massive dick into my tight ass. My heart pounded and my cock pressed into his hand. I let out a scream.

"Not like this! Let me relax! Please," I pleaded. But the head of his thick rod was already in me. With practiced force, he threw his linebacker body against me and the rest of his enormous cock jammed into my guts. My face was pushed into the velour seat. I could hardly breath.

"I'm gonna beat the hell out of you now, boy. You understand?"

"Yes, sir," I mumbled, my face smothered in the seat back.

I lift weights myself, so I'm in reasonably good shape. I pressed my fists against him—a last-ditch attempt at self-defense—but I was no match for his brute strength. The pain in my clenched, ungreased asshole stung through me. Gradually though, as I continued my

hopeless fight against his 200 pounds of pure steel, the pain gave way to the most intense pleasure I had ever felt. His cock was rubbing the base of my cock—from inside me!

"Come on, boy, put up some more fight." He jammed into my prostate, again and again. I squirmed and shoved back, eager to take all he had to give me, eager to fight for it, and against it.

I started to moan, but he clamped his free hand over my mouth. "Not a word, boy. Just take it."

He pounded and bucked on top of me, his fist tight around my shaft, my cockhead squashed against the seat. It hurt. It felt great.

Finally, in a freanzy that must have rocked the car, we exploded again. His second enormous load flooded my insides, and I spewed hot man fluid into the car seat.

It seemed endless—him wrenching into me, me driving into the seat, his hard tits grinding against my back, my ass mounds grinding his cock. I was transported—no longer in a car but off somewhere in the jungle.

"Tha's good. Real good. You know what you're doing." He pulled out quickly and pushed my head into his bush. His cock rubbed up the side of my face, and a slippery wetness spread over my cheek. I opened my mouth and sucked and chewed on the only hair on his body. I brushed my tongue upward, through his cock bush, past the smoothness above it, and on toward his naval. Finding that stretched indentation in the flow of muscle, I tongued it out, thinking about his ass, wondering if he would let me work on *that* little muscular hole. I wanted him to make me ream it out until it was wet and dripping. I wanted to eat all of him.

"Yeah, man. Go at it. Take my dick now. Get it good and wet."

I pulled back, letting my cock under my damp pants push against him. A rush of pleasure surged through me. He eased his meat into my mouth, peeling back the heavy foreskin that I had sucked on before. I gasped but managed to take all of his magnificent joint down my throat. He rocked slowly back and forth, groaning with pleasure. My hands roamed his muscular back as he braced himself against the seat of the car so he could pump harder. I matched his rhythm and his force with my sucking; spit ran from my mouth down the side of my neck.

Breathing hard and not missing a beat, he said, "Maybe we do it like this for now."

To let him know it was okay by me, I pulled him tighter into my face and pressed my fingers against his fuck hole.

"Oh, yeah. . .yeah, man," he growled, then spread his legs a little so I could get my fingers into him. His sphincter was tight and moist. I imagined what it would taste like, its velvety blackness against my tongue. My fingers massaged their way toward his prostate.

He groaned pleasurably again. "You pleasing your master, boy."

The thought, the fantasy, the fantastic feeling of his perfect body hard against me, him stripped naked, his sweat, his hot, musty, cologne-scented smell filling me up, and me all dressed under him—it was almost too much. He beat his monster dick into my throat; I thrust against him, sucking him for all I was worth, my fingers lost up his ass.

"Take it, man!" he shouted, and I felt his hot cum drive into my throat. His whole body shuddered and his fuck hole tightened around my fingers. "Take it, white boy! Take it all from your big, black motherfuckin' stud."

I exploded into my pants. Hot jizm flooded out of me in hard-breaking spasms, again and again. His meat beat into my face, and I swallowed as best I could, still pressing my fingers up his asshole to tease all the man juice out of him. Gradually he eased up. I felt his dick start to withdraw. I sucked gently and licked it off clean.

With a sigh, he pulled off me and flopped over onto the driver's seat, his gleaming dick pushing straight out from his hard stomach and that dark patch of wiry kink.

When I wiped my mouth on my sleeve and started to get up, he whipped around and slammed his hand against my chest. "Stay where you are, white boy." His growl was back; I didn't give him any resistance. "Tha's better. You move when I say you can move. What I say now is you get out of them filthy pants. Look what you done, you little preppy jerk-off." He rubbed his hand over the slimy patch of cum seeping through my pants and massaged my crotch with obvious pleasure. "You gonna have to pay for making that mess," he said, smiling his old smile again.

When we had both shot all we had to shoot, he slid his arms around my back in a tight embrace and relaxed his weight against me. I shut my eyes and let his warmth engulf me. He possessed me totally now. I knew that; he knew that.

After a while, he pulled away and I felt his slippery dick drag across my ass cheeks. "There's a towel on the floor right behind you, if you feel around for it." When I didn't move, he leaned over me and found the towel. "Here, clean up. And while you're at it, clean up the mess you made on my seat."

I did as my master ordered. When I was finished, I looked at him and he said. "Good. Now we'll go to my place. See if we can find you some clothes. We'll get your car later." He laughed his little laugh. "By the way, my name's Darren."

"Steve," I managed and moved around so I could face him. "Pleased to meet you," I added. "Of course, you already know that."

We laughed again. In the park, sitting buck naked in a car, with a fucking hunk of a stud who is capable of being strong and gentle and stern and tender, I felt freer than I had ever felt in my life.

Darren eased himself into driving position and adjusted his meat between his muscular thighs. He maneuvered the car out into the rain-drenched street, turned the music up, and slid his hand in around my cock and balls. His eyes gleamed with satisfaction and contentment as he looked at me and said, "This is how I like to travel."

I returned his look. "Me, too." I thought for a minute and then asked, "How far do you think we'll go together?"

"Far as you wanta go, Baby. Far as you wanta go." ■

"Is this what you want, white boy?" he asked with an unexpected touch of meanness. It surprised and thrilled me. "Yeah, man," I gasped. "I want you to fuck me."

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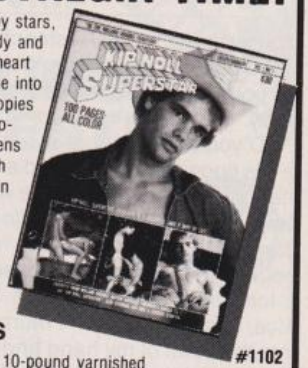

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URBAN CAVEMAN

Continued from page 12

natural male animal—stench and glory combined in one package. When I grasped his cock he instinctively pushed my hand away.

"D'you want the five or not?"

His fingers slowly relaxed and he let me start to play with him. There was promise down there. As I worked my fingers up and down his limp prick, I could feel it slowly beginning to pulse in response. "It's been a long time since anyone's treated you nice, hasn't it, Louis?" I murmured. I spit into the palm of my hand and applied the slick coating to his cock. A dark film spread quickly over my fingers. Like the rest of him, his prick was filthy. But what else did I expect from a caveman? "Doesn't it feel good knowing someone wants your cock, Louis? Doesn't it make you want to show me *all* you've got?"

I inched closer to him on my knees. I was totally committed to this now, deep in the primordial jungle of my mind. My only thought as my mouth moved nearer and nearer to the head of his prick was the pleasure I was going to get from sucking it. This was probably the closest I would ever get to taking the very essence of man—raw, primitive, natural *man*—in my mouth. When my lips finally closed over the pulsing tip and I began to suck down toward the matted bush of light-blond hair, I thought I was going to faint with excitement.

His dirty fingers dug into my scalp and pulled me closer, shoving more of his sour-tasting prick inside my mouth. I tried not to gag on it, from the length and thickness as well as from the flavor. But after a few minutes, my spit had washed it almost clean, and all I could taste was a man's cockskin against my tongue.

I steadied myself on my knees and really began to suck. One hand grasped his balls from a bottle of wine too near the cork. But I swallowed it quickly, and what came after it was the sweetest cum I'd ever drunk. it must have been a long, long time between loads for him, because what he emptied into my mouth would have put any porn-flick star to shame. Again and again I swallowed the thick, warm river that poured from him, and somewhere near the middle of all that cum-drinking I felt my own throbbing prick begin to soak my underpants. I hadn't even touched myself.

Finally it was over and his fingers relaxed their grip on my hair. I eased back and reluctantly let his softening meat slip from between my lips. Almost at once the full realization of what I'd just done hit me. I handed him the 20, muttered something about hoping he'd get himself together soon, and went through the inner door of the vestibule as quickly as I could.

The next day, with the full dawn of sobriety upon me, I felt shame again. And I was petrified that when I came home Louis would be there, demanding that I

"How'd you like to pick up a fast five bucks right now?" I asked the bum. He looked suspicious. "How?" "Show me your dick," I replied. He almost choked on his cigarette. "I'll give you 20 bucks if you'll get it hard enough to dump a load in my mouth."

He muttered something I couldn't understand. We were really back in the jungle now, dealing with raw emotions. We each had something the other wanted, and the thought of getting it was bringing out the beast in both of us.

"I'll give you 20 bucks if you get it hard enough to dump a load in my mouth," I whispered.

He moaned again, and the pulsing between my fingers immediately got stronger. I didn't know whether it was the thought of the money or the promised blow-job that excited him, but I felt the thickening and hardening increase. I spit several more times into my palm as I cleaned off the grime and built-up cheese from what was becoming one of the most beautiful cocks I'd ever seen in my life. Smooth, thick, and long. With a head like a bright red plum ripe with juice.

"Stand up," I ordered, and he struggled to get to his feet. He leaned back against the row of mailboxes in the vestibule and in a tight fist and the other spread around the root of his tool to form a natural cock-ring. But there was no fear now of his getting soft again. He was enjoying this too much. I heard him moaning louder as my face plunged back and forth from his crotch, licking and slurping on that splendid prick. It grew stiffer inside my mouth with each thrust, and by the way his ballsac was starting to tighten I knew he'd be over the edge in just a few more minutes. As I sucked faster and harder I wondered if any other man had ever done this to him before. The way his cock was responding, I doubted it. You can tell by the way it jerks and throbs against your lips and tongue when a prick is experiencing manmouth for the first time.

When the final moment came, Louis took full control. His paw-like hands pressed my face all the way into his crotch and that fat, hot tool began to spew its juice before I had a chance to pull away or stop it. The first shot was bitter, like the first sips suck him off again for another 20. When he wasn't, though, I actually felt a twinge of disappointment.

He didn't appear the next night, either, and to my complete astonishment I found myself jerking off thinking about him. After a month or so, when my neighbors began to talk about how it seemed our unwelcome visitor had finally moved on to a new crash spot, I found I couldn't bring myself to share their pleasure. In a way I'll never be able to fully understand, I actually *missed* him.

I'd have died of embarrassment if anyone else in the building had walked in that night and caught me in the act of blowing him, but Louis had given me the hottest sexual fantasy I'd ever known in my life. He had put me in touch with some dark, primitive side of me that I'd never known existed and that I knew—without him—would never surface again.

I just hoped, for his sake, that the 20

dollars I'd given him had been a start back from the gutter. But in my heart I knew that the world Louis wandered through today was far more cruel and dangerous than any of his primitive ancestors had ever known. My caveman really didn't stand a chance. ■

FOURTH AND LONG

Continued from page 28

of that knee. Next time I want you in peak condition." He rolled up his window and drove away.

Believe me, for the next week I took very good care of myself. The Navy game was really important. I was determined to be in peak condition, for the game and for. . .other things. ■

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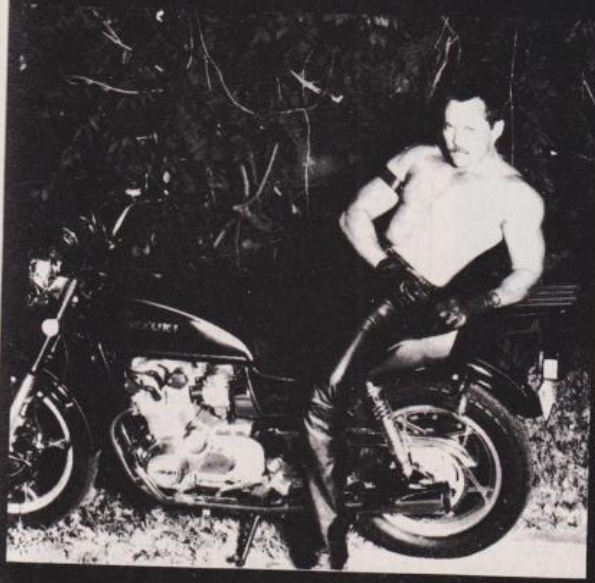

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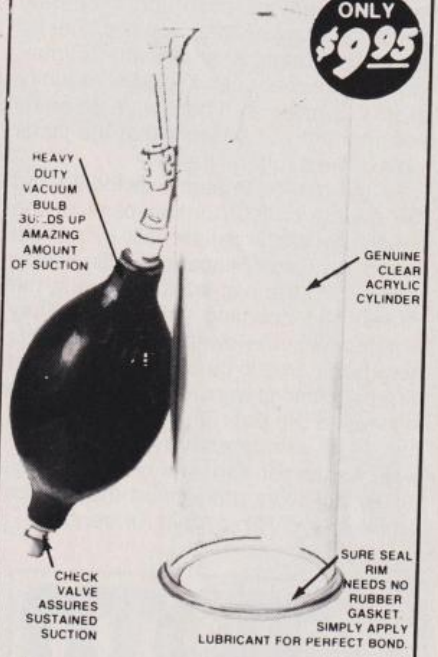

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HO44

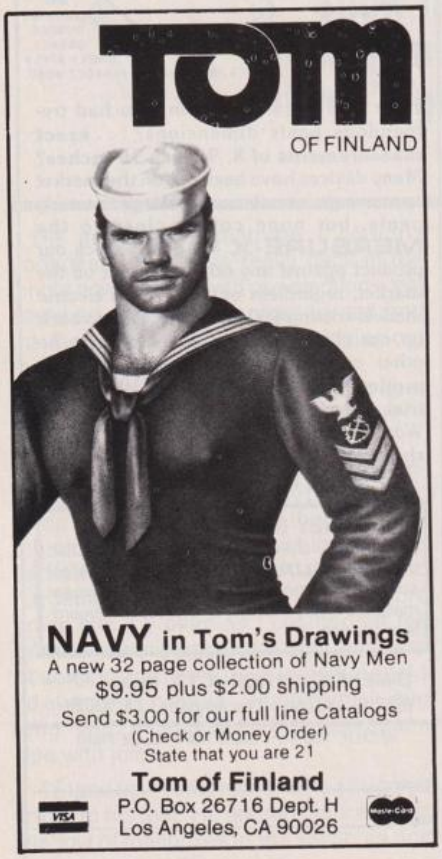
A MAN'S CASTLE

Continued from page 60

ble circumcision.

Kevin had predicted a gate of approximately 300, and he was fairly close to the mark. Every stool was occupied. Every table. What was obviously a meat rack—all newly-upholstered in leather—was jammed with an assortment of beer drinkers. Many of them were clones of Kevin, although a surprising number looked decent enough to qualify as junior executive material. There were so many flowers from well-wishers that the place looked like a funeral parlor.

As the free champagne dwindled and the merely curious drifted back to the streets, Kevin's three little nelly friends did a more than professional job of dispensing drinks from the bar, hustling among the tables, and doubling as deejays. They were perfect little jewels. Kevin, bless his nelly heart, was to be forgiven for all past behavior: things were running smooth as silk—even the pool table area, occupied mainly by slim cowboy types and overweight mannish females whose orange jersey pullovers proclaimed them to be employees of Rizzo Meat Processors.



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At the mayor's tables, beside the dance floor, Edna the Pregnant was noticeably absent. Six tables had been pushed together to form one, with a cardboard castle as centerpiece (another Kevin touch), and around it were the mayor's henchmen, our cute realtor, the interesting desk clerk from the local hotel/brothel, our mailman, and even the stud gas-pumper/mechanic from the Shell station. The entire table was *men!* However, as Miss Katherine had explained, we observed a sprinkling of women, most of them well-dressed, sitting at tables with what looked to be the creme de la creme. Among this set we recognized an attorney whom Kevin had previously pointed out with the suggestion, "He's the one to go to if you guys get into any kind of bad situation—with The Castle or personally." Leer. Leer.

We had hoped for more than the perfunctory glass of champagne with the mayor, but it seemed that there were a million small details that kept us hopping. Once the formalities were over, His Honor laid aside coat, vest, and tie. In a pale-blue silk shirt, opened down to the fourth button to expose a sun-lamped chest to match his sun-lamped face, he was much more than your run-of-the-mill baby-kissing, back-slapping, small-town mayor. This was real governor material.

Shortly after midnight the crowd thinned out to maybe two dozen die-hards. Kevin had paid off the extra hired help, and was relaxing with a well-earned first drink of the evening when the "trouble" started. After all it was a Friday, and Miss Katherine had warned us. The mayor, now shirtless, his bronzed body gleaming with sweat, stirred to the high-decibel tango blaring from the deejay booth. Grabbing our little mailman from the arms of the attorney, he guided him across the dance floor in a mock-serious tango that was cheered by the onlookers. All except the attorney, who attempted to break it up. Kevin, ever-alert, handled this by strong-arming the jealous lawyer over to a table and what was left of the champagne.

I have never actually witnessed intercourse on a dance floor, but when the music changed, the couple slow-danced into a dark corner. And from where I sat, it sure as hell looked like fucking. The virginity of the U.S. Post Office was saved by the eager requests of the crowd: "Come on, Dick, do Joan Crawford. Do your Carol Channing." The little mailman was forgotten instantly.

Politicians, great actresses, the clergy, and dogs in heat rise to the occasion like no other creatures on earth. Within seconds, the transformation was complete. From behind the deejay booth, where Kevin was spinning the familiar "There She Goes," His Honor emerged without trousers. He was Miss America, arms loaded with long-stemmed roses, courtesy of our next-door dry cleaners. He pranced down the make-believe runway, throwing kisses and offering the well-worn thank-you speeches we have all come to know from contests past. The crowd loved it. The attorney, no longer resentful, yelled encouragement: "Take it off, Dick. Show us how you got the title!" If this was the regular Friday night routine, everybody knew it by heart—each little bit of business—and they wanted it all.

Off came the briefs, kicked over to the table. A quick turn showed off muscular buns framed by sharp tan lines. Then a full turn back to his audience and not even 50 bucks worth of American Beauties could conceal the immense hard-on and bullish balls that probably accounted for thirty-five-hundred votes every two years.

As is the case with certain drinkers—and the bigger they are, the harder they fall—Long Dick Long folded before closing time. A satisfied opening-night audience filed out, leaving Brad and me with the assurance that we had a hit on our hands. The Castle was still The Castle. Not the least of it, we realized, was due to young Kevin. With an easy grace and a surprising amount of strength, he maneuvered the zonked-out mayor toward the stairs—no mean feat, considering the naked mayor was about 225 pounds of dead-weight. Kevin stammered just the teeniest bit as he said, "I'll take—I'll take—care of him. Why don't you and Mr. Bradley go on home and get some sleep?" As we turned out the lights and cleaned out the till, we heard the sound of the shower downstairs.

Brad hugged me. We kissed. And it was just the way it used to be. But I had to ask him, "What do you think?"

Because we can read each other's minds, he said, "Stop worrying. I don't think he'll be any trouble at all." ■

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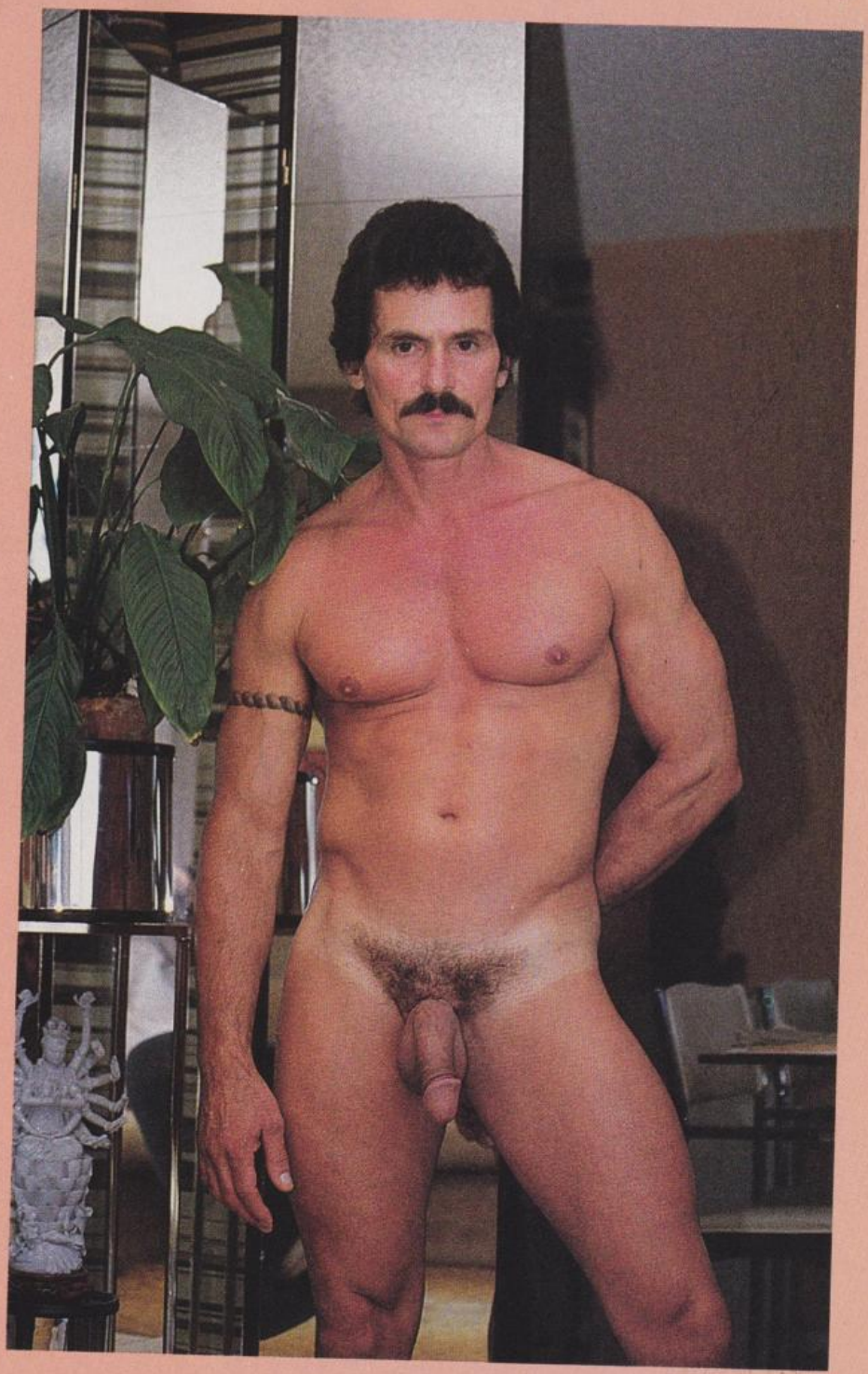

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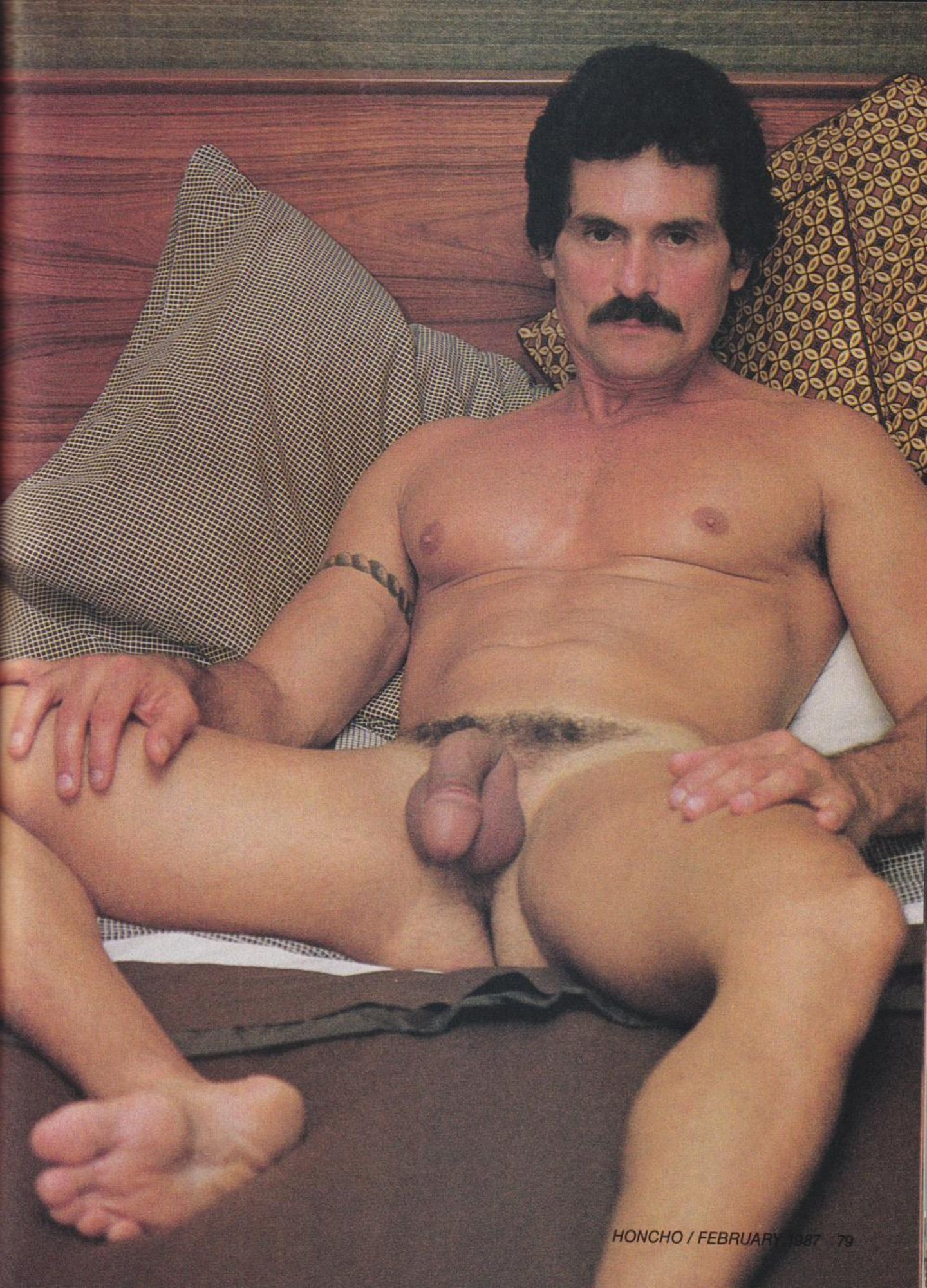

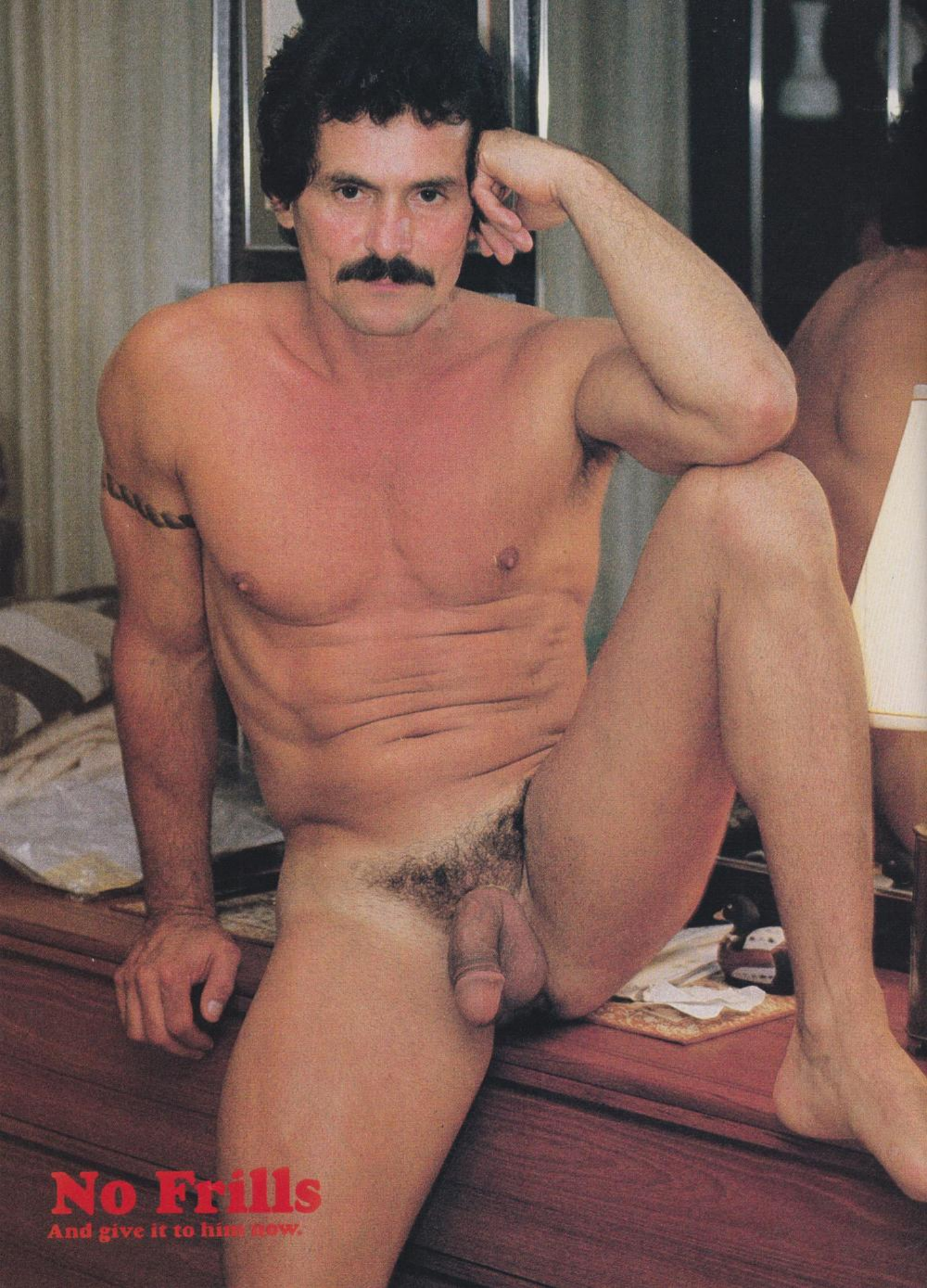
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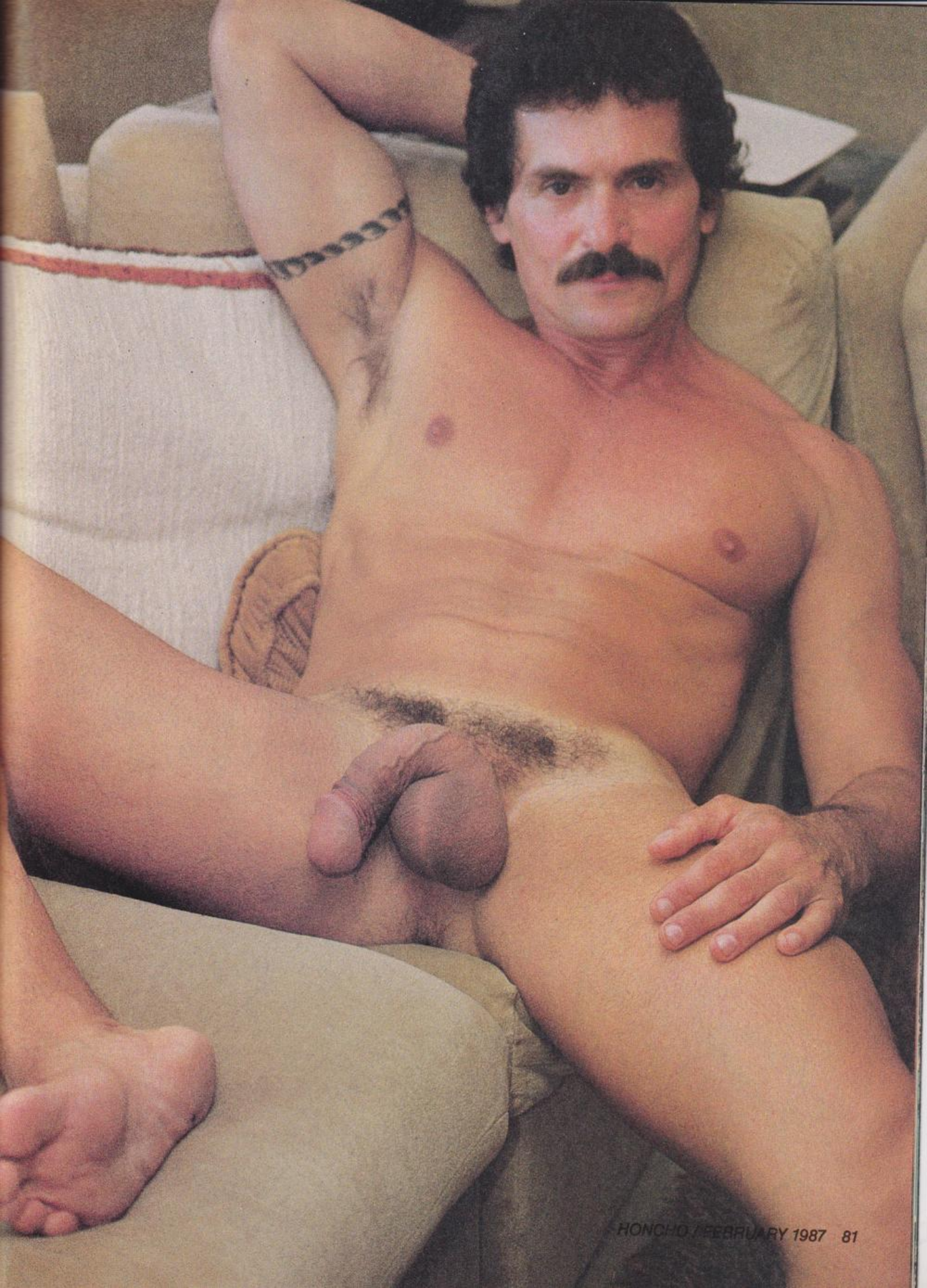

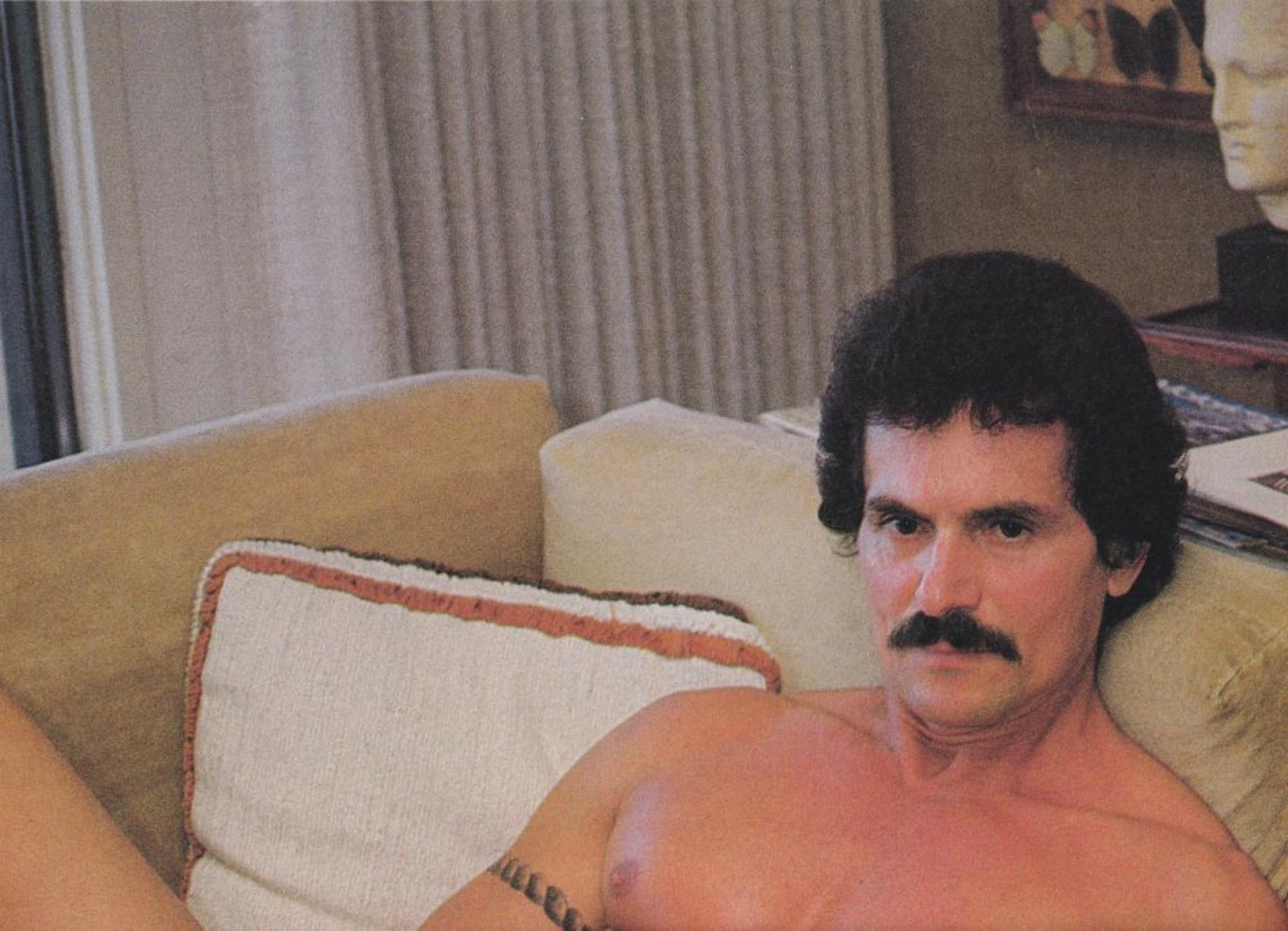

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HAWAII

HAWAII—DONKEY DADDIES NEEDED

To be sucked dry by hungry, handsome blond, 31, BL/GR, 6 ft, 175, 7¾" x 5¾ uncut. Sucking donkey daddies dry (4-9 climaxes guaranteed) poppers, bulging jeans, white briefs/jocks, J/O are turn-ons. Bigger cocks 10"+ preferred, cum measure up. Nude photo gets same. Please no fats, fems, dom. Les A. 1215 Alexander # 1206, Honolulu, Hawaii 96826

WAIKIKI GDLKG/BLK STUD

Disease free. 30. Fr A/P Gr/A. 8". To meet clean Bi/Gay visitors 18-35 with smooth swimmers, hard bodies. TS/TV Bi M/F Cpls, androgynous males get TLC. Photo/letter to J., P.O. Box 85, Pearl City, HI 96782.

ILLINOIS

NEW TO SCENE

GWM 6'2", 32, 180. Looking for friendship, possible relationship. No drugs, fats, s/m. Picture a must. Tom, P.O. Box 56, Chicago Ridge, IL 60415.

LONELY, Y/W/M

Seeking relationship with caring person. Very talented in many ways, would like to meet responsible male over 25 yrs, good personality and want to have a good time. I like some sports, music, movies, dancing, quiet times

and cooking because I own my own restaurant. Write to P.O. Box 83, DeKalb, IL 60115, send name and address and I'll write back. Not into B&D, S&M, or sickos.

INDIANA

HOT AND HUNGRY

Guaranteed clean—Good looking GWM, straight acting and looking—5'9" Brn, Blu, moustache, hot ass and cock (7½") with insatiable appetite for sex, looking for a clean guy my age (32) to 45, married OK—discretion. Scott, 1507 Locust #107, Elkhart, IN 46514

SEEKING CARING LOVER/ FRIENDS 19-30

No drugs, fats, or fems. GWM 5'11" 169, 22, BR/BL. Box 768 North Vernon, IN 47265.

WM 54 5'8" 178 LBS

Bald 69. No J/O calls. Andy, 219-872-0491, 201 Hoyt Street, Michigan City, Ind. 46360.

IOWA

GWM-TOP 6'4" 195 LBS.

Blue eyes, moustache, 36 yrs. seeks young males 18-27 needing to be dominated. Send letter of submission. Photo a plus. P.O. Box 94101, Des Moines, Iowa 50394.

BEGINNER, GLKG, 22.

Like to be fucked. Seek G/Looking guy. Hispanics & Arabics welcome. Write: DINO, Box 1015, Des Moines, IA 50311.

KANSAS

MASTER/DADDY SEEKS SLAVE

Dominant master/daddy, 35, 5'10", 155, seeks slave for weekend/occasional use and abuse. Variety of scenes. Prefer hot young studs with good build. The Master, P.O. Box 1373, Manhattan, Kansas 66502.

NEED MASTER

Will do anything. I'm: 5'9", 170, 20. T. J. Siek, 331 N. 17th, Manhattan, KS 66502.

MASTER/DADDY SEEKS SLAVE

Dominant master/daddy, 35, 5'10", 155, seeks slave for weekends/occasional use and abuse. Variety of scenes. Prefer hot young studs with good build. The Master, P.O. Box 1373, Manhattan, Kansas 66502.

MICHIGAN

GOOD LOOKING GWM

6'1", 170, brn., brn., moustache, hairy. Looking for correspondence and possible meeting. Send photo, letter. If interested write c/o Jeff, P.O. Box 1062, Sterling Heights, Michigan 48311-1062

CLARE-CADILLAC

Single sex partner sought for discreet 6'2", 165 lb., 31 yrs. in area. P.O. Box 353, Marion, MI 49665.

MICHIGAN TOP GUN

Masculine, single, bi. I got it, you want it, come and get it! P.O. Box 1300, Grand Rapids, Michigan 49501.

MISSISSIPPI

MISSISSIPPI

Would like to hear from G/W males 25 to 45. Sidney Burks, Jr., P.O. Box 251, Hickory Flat, Mississippi 38633.

NEW JERSEY

LEATHER/LEVI TOP SEEKS BOTTOM

I'm 23, six foot six, BL/BL 200 lbs. Looking for hot bottoms 20-40 slim for hot times. Will answer all photo, phone a plus. No scat, TV's or drugs. Reply to Rick, 67 8th Ave. #2, Passaic, NJ 07055-2122.

EDISON GWM COUPLE

23, 6'1", 170, smooth, brown/hazel; 32, 5'6", 145, hairy, moustache, uncut, seek UNDER 25 for visiting, friendship, and 3-way safe sex. NO smoking/drugs. Photo if possible. P.O. Box 643, Edison, N.J. 08818-0643.

WANTED: BODY MAXIMUS!

Gorgeous Mediterranean type, 28, 5'8", 145 lbs. (chunky) wants bodybuilder to initiate me into the world of body worship (and servicing). Your photo gets mine. Write: POB 32, Leonia, New Jersey 07605.

GWM-37-5'7"-137 LBS.

Beard - brown hair/blue eyes - gym defined - trim - versatile - educated professional - wants to meet guys in area for friends, companionship, play - no smokers, drugs, fats or fems - Write: Paul, PO Box 1077, Vernon, NJ 07462.

NEW YORK

ROCHESTER AREA

GWM 26 6'1" 180, blue/blond, seeks good looking tall executives, cops and firemen for friendship and possible relationship. No blacks, fats, fems or S/M. Send phone, photo to P.O. Box 67450, Rochester, NY 14617.

HAIRY MASTURBATOR, 31

Let's trade horny letters and dirty nude J/O photos. Into jockstraps, boxer shorts, cock rings, hairy chested studs. Mike, P.O. Box 5033, Utica, NY 13505.

BLOND CUTE LITTLE SLENDER BOY

Seeks big tall masculine-attractive-built brother/dad. Pecs/workin' man's hands a plus for safe sex. No fats. 134 West 32nd St., Room 602, New York, N.Y. 10001.

SEEKS FRIENDS FOR HOT SEX

Good looking GWM, 33, 5'10", 145, 7" cut. Into 69, Fr., Gr. a/p, j/o, cuddling, kissing and hot sex sessions. No drugs, fems or blacks. 19-35 with firm body a plus. Nude photo and phone gets mine. P.O. Box 239, Ozone Park, N.Y. 11417-0239.

ARAB, HISPANIC, ASIAN TOPMAN WANTED

I am seeking an Arab, Indian, Pakistani, Guyanese, Hispanic or similar type topman who wants to give sexual domination and or discipline by spankings, belts, punishment enemas. You should be dominant, have a desire to be a disciplinarian, serious man. Teach me to respect you. I am a white male 30's, trim, goodlooking. I will answer letters from anywhere. Write to: P.O. Box 431, R.H., NY 11418 U.S.A.

VERY ATTRACTIVE B/M

Young 5'6" 148 lbs. into BIG MEN. Body builders or football player types. Want sincere relationship, have foot fetish. Photo will reply. Contact P.O.B. #1206, M.H. Station, N.Y.C. 10156-0605

ATTRACTIVE WM

6'1" 170 lbs. 35 married seeks good looking nice body 20's-30's married or not. Utica area. Good sex, possible relationship. Box 106, Yorkville, N.Y. 13495.

MWM 34

Is looking for a buddy. You should be closeted and looking for a real friend and true buddy. Married preferred but others considered who are willing to become a part of my life and develop a serious relationship. This could save our lives. I'm 5'11" 170 lbs., blue eyes, brown hair and in shape. I expect the same. Send detailed letter with photo if possible and a way to establish contact to P.O. Box "B", Staten Island, N.Y. 10301.

NORTH CAROLINA

GWM 26 5'9" 170 LBS.

Honest, loving, seeking permanent relationship with GWM 35-50 who's dominant, healthy, loving, settled minded. Mark, P.O. Box 2231, Gastonia, NC 28053.

OHIO

ITALIAN STALLION

W/G/M, 29, dark, hairy, masculine hot 9 inch love tool ready to "meat" your every need! Tight ass and hot mouth ready to serve your love tool! Will travel. Joe Malaro, Box 969, Steubenville, OH 43952. Hot nude photo and phone gets mine.

OREGON

35 YR OLD DAD,

Needs son 20 or younger. Good looking and very hairy. Photo and phone gets mine. L.B., 1451 Salishan S.E., Salem, OR 97302

PENNSYLVANIA

HOT COUNTRY BOY

GWM, 26, 5'9", 170, built. Enjoys camping, weight lifting, sports, J/O. Seeking correspondence, possible meeting with real men 18-35. Photo appreciated. R.E.S., PO Box 144, Berlin, PA 15530-0144.

GWM 37 INVITES LETTERS AND VISITS

from masculine men traveling in South Central PA. Married, salesmen, truckers welcome. Hairy chests, giant balls a plus. Denny, 510 E. Main, Apt. A, Lititz, PA 17543.

HOUSEBOY/SLAVE GWM

18-29 to meet my every demanding need. TT, G&BT, extended B&D. Call to set interview. H.H. (617) 497-0651.

BLOND/BLUE, 145, LATE 20s

New to Philly area/lifestyle. Looking for friend, companion, teacher 24-40. No fats, s/m, drugs. Photo please. Box 11, NADC, Warminster, PA 18974

SINCERE GWM 31

6'4", 240. Seeks friendship/lasting relationship. Interests include sports, movies, theater and candlelight dinners. Desire old fashioned relationship. York area. (717) 246-3408.

GETTYSBURG/ CHAMBERSBURG AREA

GWM 28, 5'10", 140, Br/Br, seeks GWM 25-35 for companionship/relationship. No fats/fems. PHOTO A MUST. P.O. Box 61, Blue Ridge Summit, PA 17214.

SOUTH CAROLINA

W/M WANTS BODYBUILDER

or muscular football-type to share first experience with. Photo and phone appreciated but not necessary. P.O. Box 42189, Columbia SC 29240.

SOUTH DAKOTA

SOUTH DAKOTA

GWM 30, 6'5", 230, Gr-A/P, Fr-A/P into long foreplay. Looking for G or BiWM in Black Hills area young to 35. Write Box Holder 594, Spearfish, S.D. 57783.

TEXAS

GAY MARRIED WHITE MALE

Looking for a friend. You should be closeted and looking for a real friend. Married preferred. This could save our lives. Send detailed letter with photo and a way to establish contact to: P.O. Box 50262, Amarillo, Texas 79106

GWM 60

seeking GWM 25-45 that sincerely prefers older men. No fems, fats, drugs or drunks. P.O. Box 8072, Ft. Worth, TX 76124-0072.

HUNG 26 YR W/M

Wants hot action but safe, 3-OK. Your picture gets mine. Bill Long, P.O. Box 330782, Ft. Worth, TX 76163-0782.

VIRGINIA

TOP/BOTTOM GWM 30

Looking for hot times. Let's explore together. Can travel. Photo a plus. Write now to explore—Scott, 1111 Arlington Blvd. #409, Rosslyn, VA 22209.

WASHINGTON

HOT 29 Y/O BI/W/M SINGLE

Seeks very hairy bearded/heavy mous man 30-42 for hot action. Prefer men 8" or more, married discreet men O.K. I'm 5'10" Dk. Brn. hair, green eyes, cut thick, and very hot. Send letter with photo (preferably nude) and I'll write back. I'd like my hairy fantasies to cum true. Write to: Larry P.O. Box 5125, Olympia, Washington 98503.

WEST VIRGINIA

LONELY G/W/M

Seeking friendship with kind, caring individual. Am 5'11", 25, 170 lbs., dark hair, blue eyes, affectionate. All sincere answered. Charlie Anderson, P.O. Box 4615, Charleston, WV 25364.

INTERNATIONAL

ARAB, HISPANIC, INDIAN, PAKISTANI, GUYANESE

Topman wanted, see New York section.

ORIENTAL, 30's

Wants discreet single or married man, 20-50's. Bob, #206, 339-10 Ave., S.E. Calgary, Alberta, Canada T2G-OW2.

COLOMBIAN MD

160 lb, 5'9", 28, attractive, bearded. Seeks males until 50. I like everything. Write/photo, Guillermo, AA 16/3, B/Manga, Colombia.

NORTHERN B.C.

23 yr old lively G.W.M. interested in you and anything you like for possible relationship. You must be 18-32, live in B.C., be uninhibited, and self-confident. You won't be disappointed if we get together. Facial photo appreciated. Box 444, Fort Nelson, B.C., Canada V0C-1R0

COMMERCIAL

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Muscular bi-guy, 26, humiliates slaves. Into W/S, hazing, scat. Also do tapes and calls. $5 for first letter to: Phil, PO Box 10509, Portland, Oregon 97210-0509.

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R U WELL ENDOWED

For best fr action call Rian 212-876-6989. I'm 30, 5'8", 150, hung & hairy.

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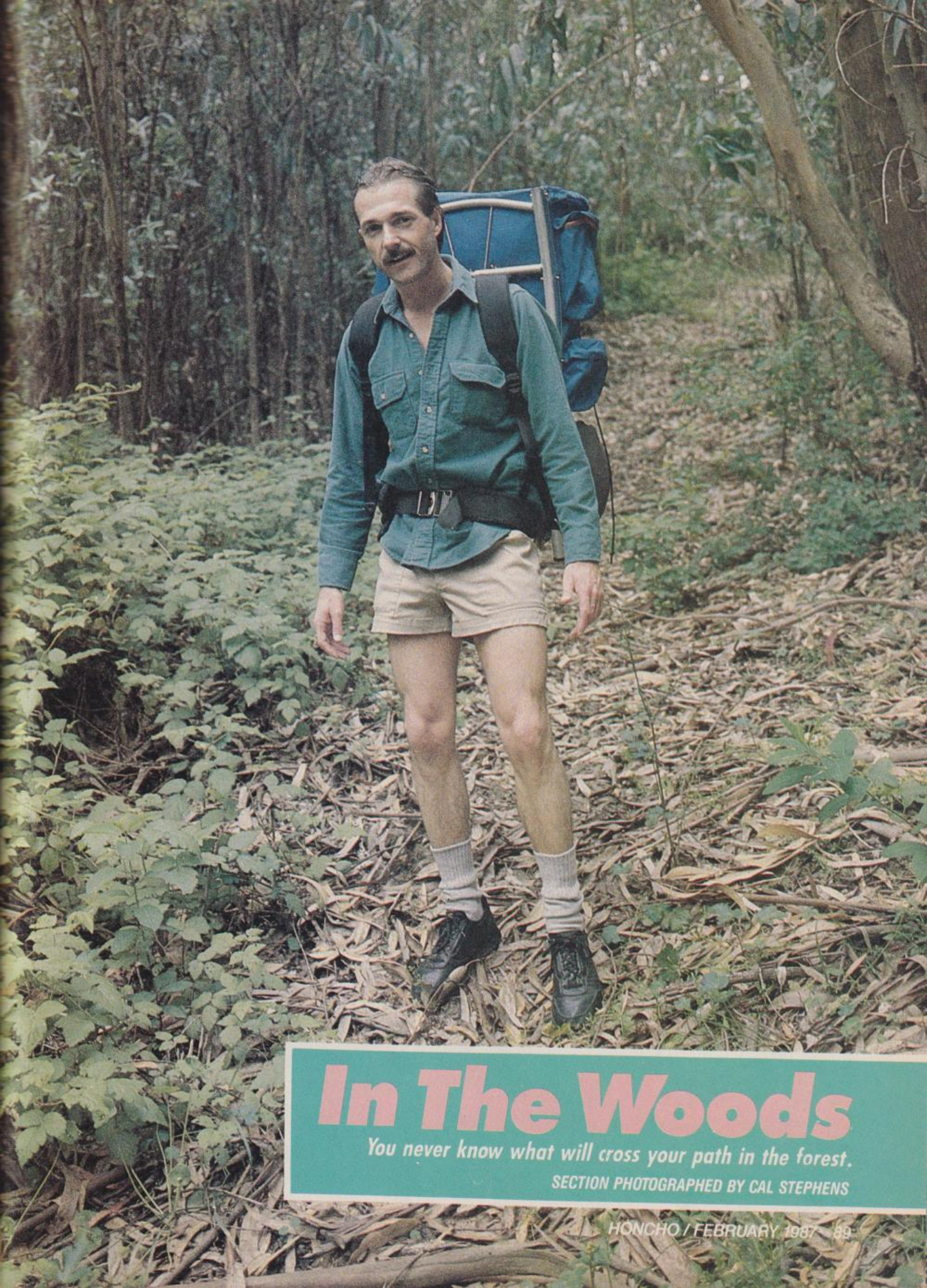

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In The Woods

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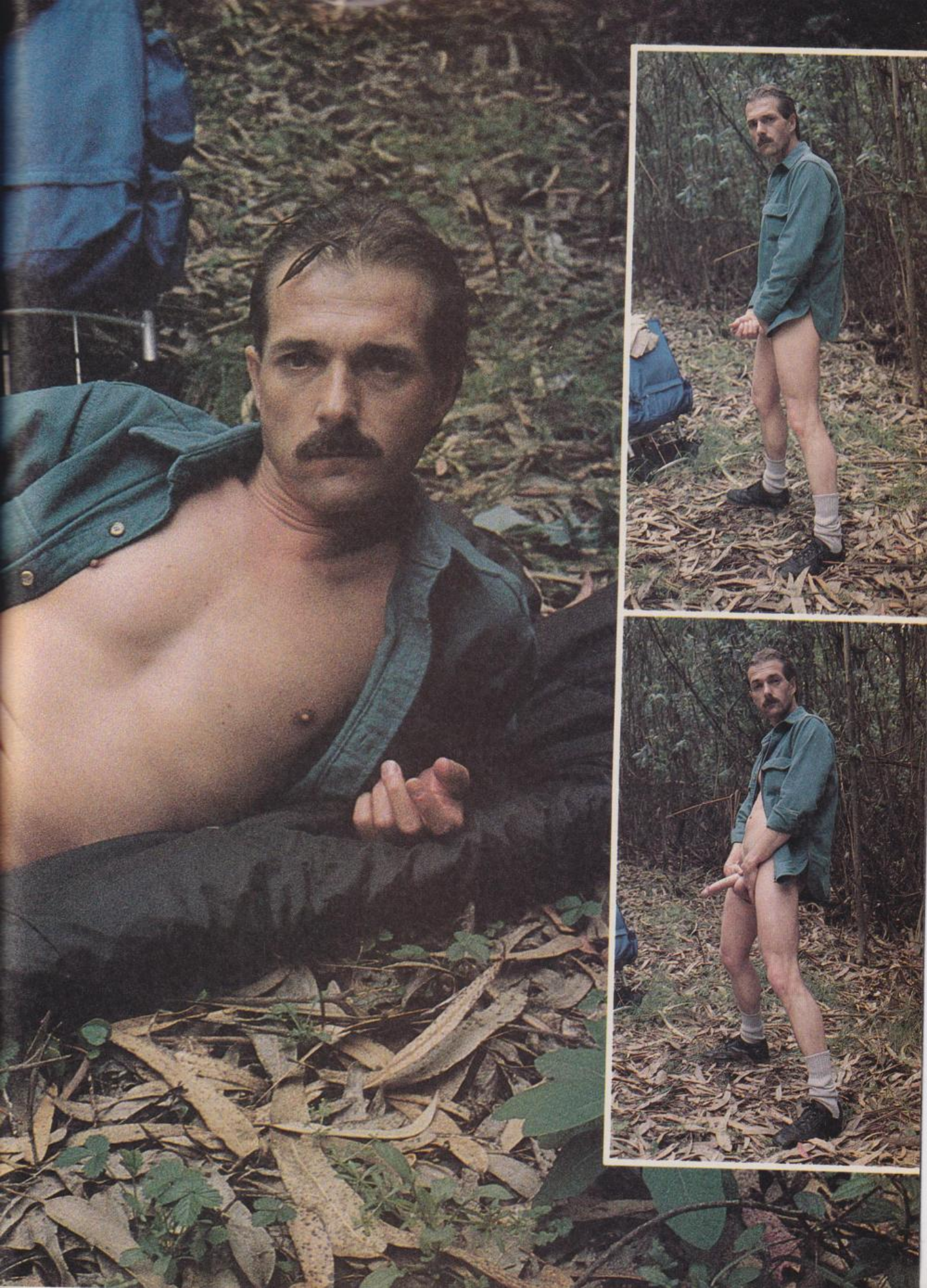

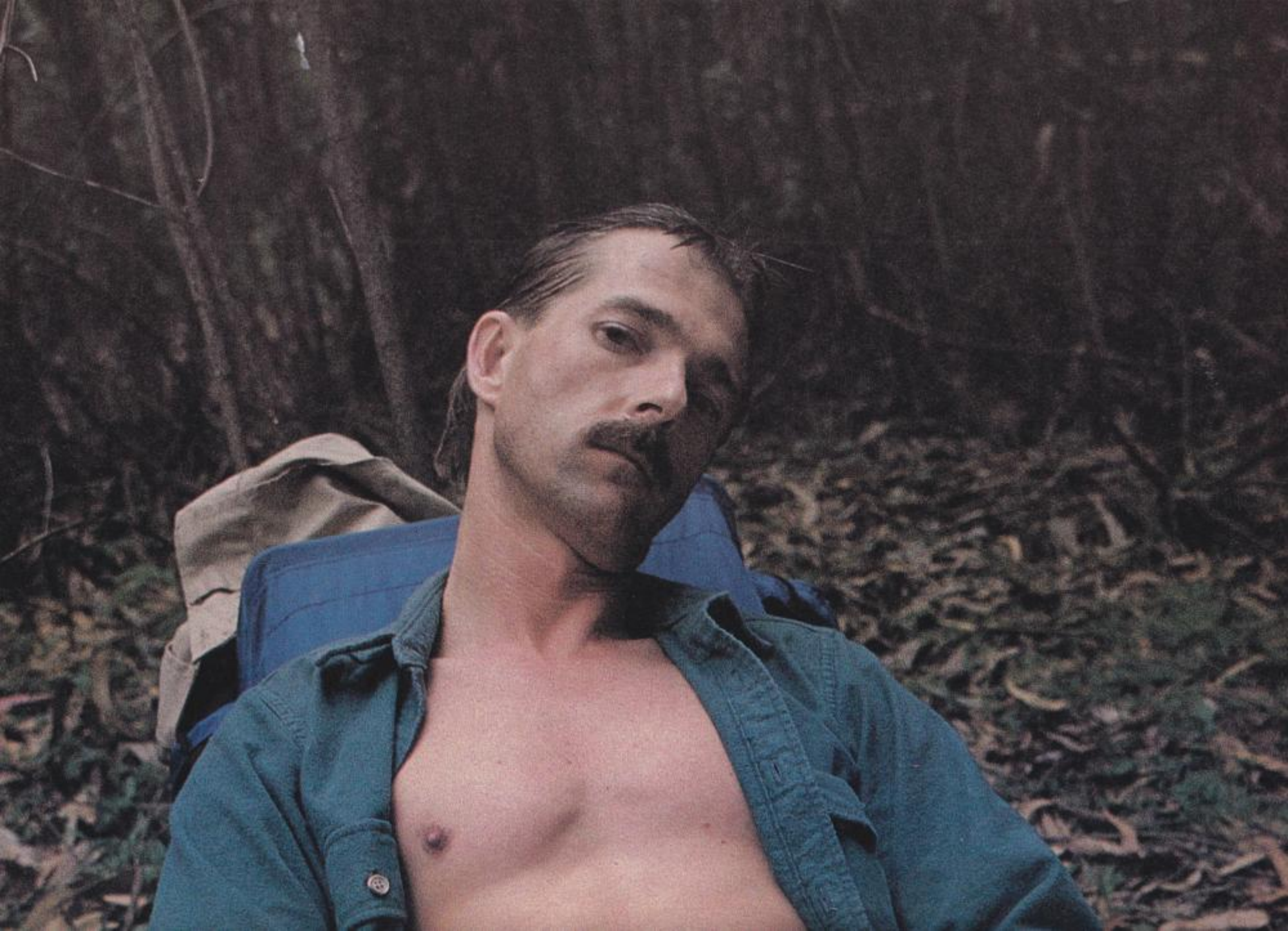

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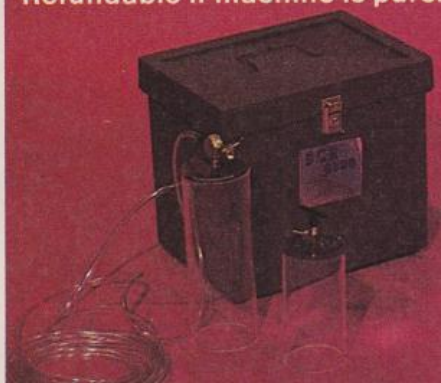

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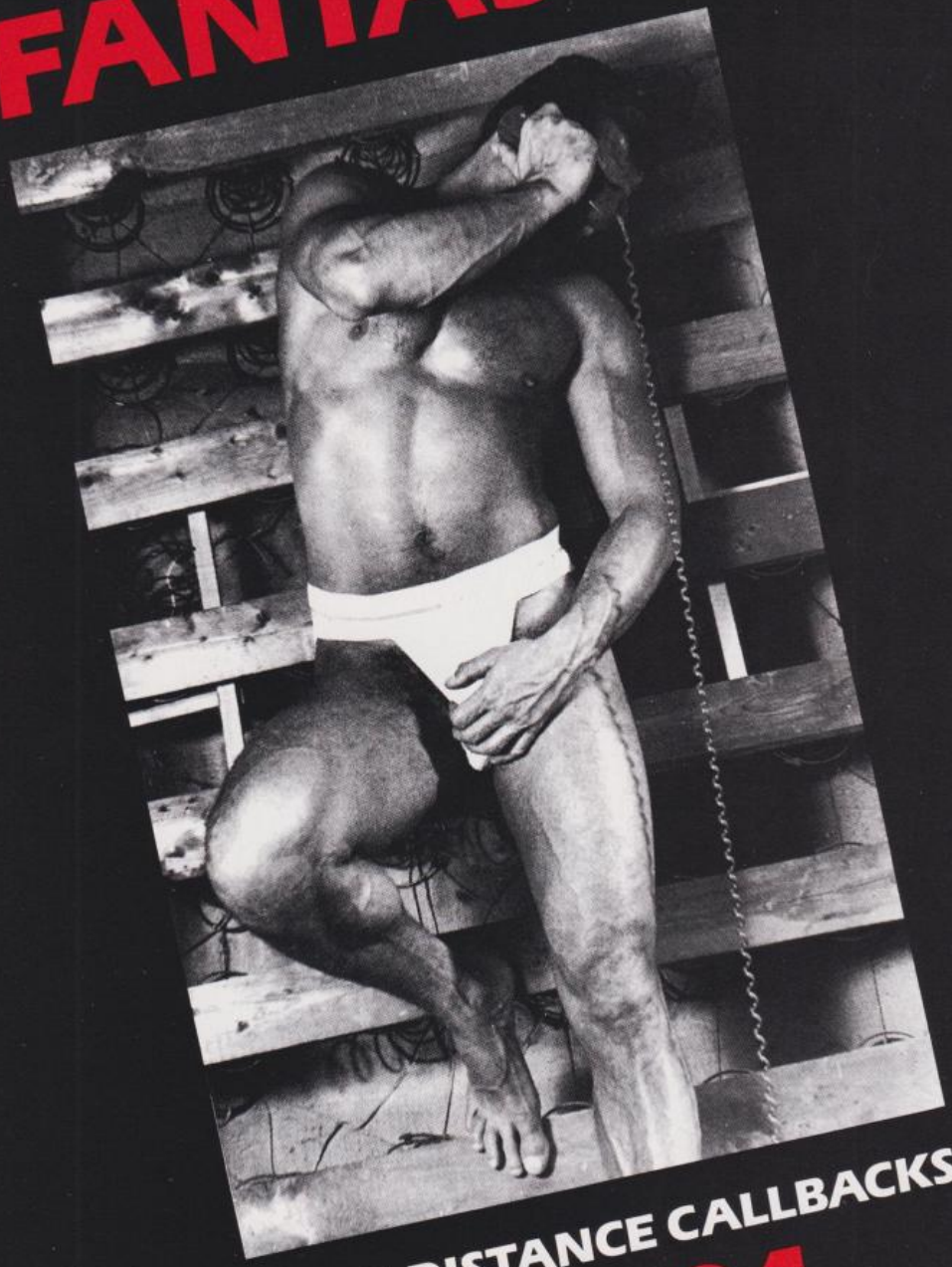

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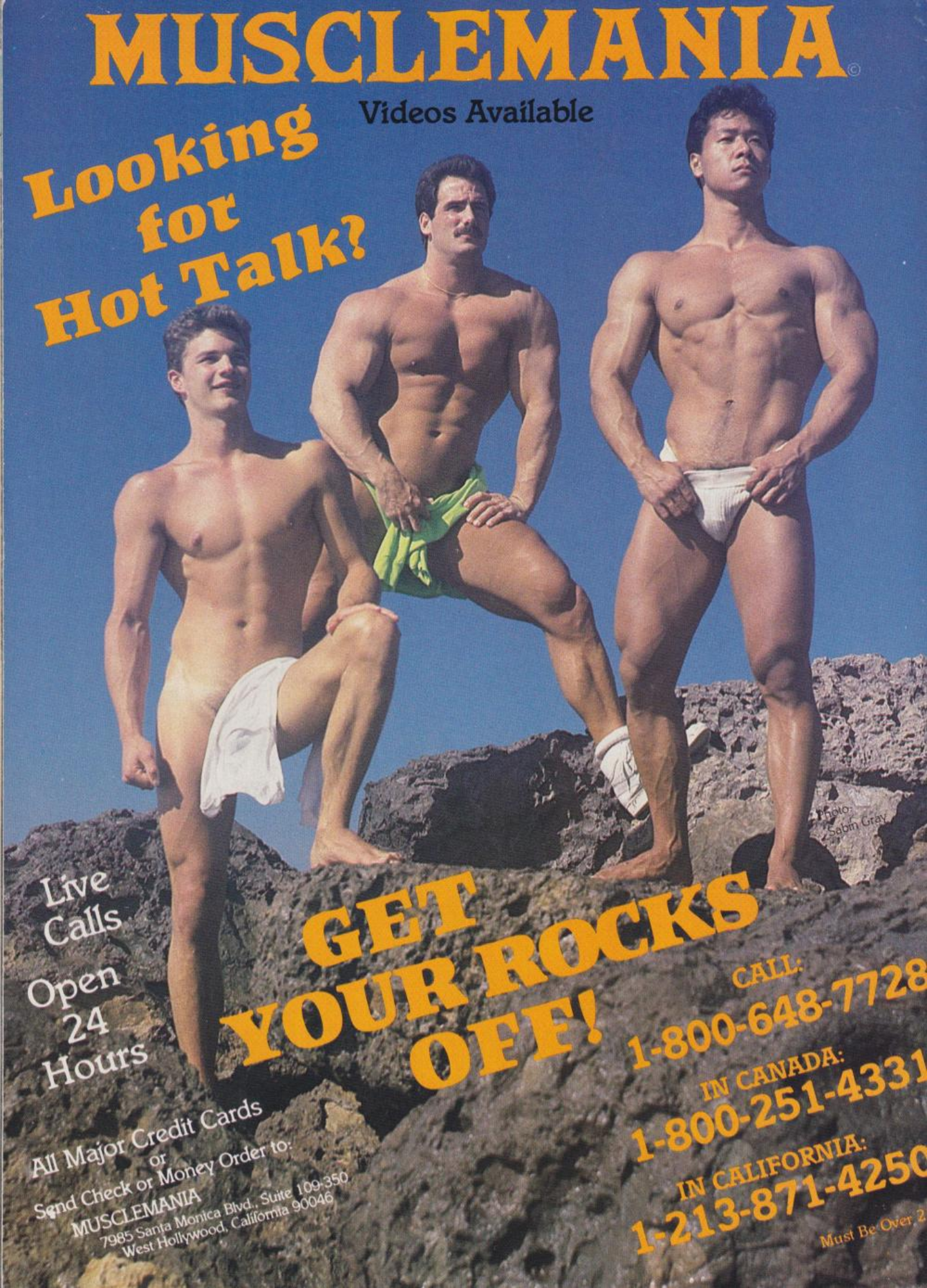
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